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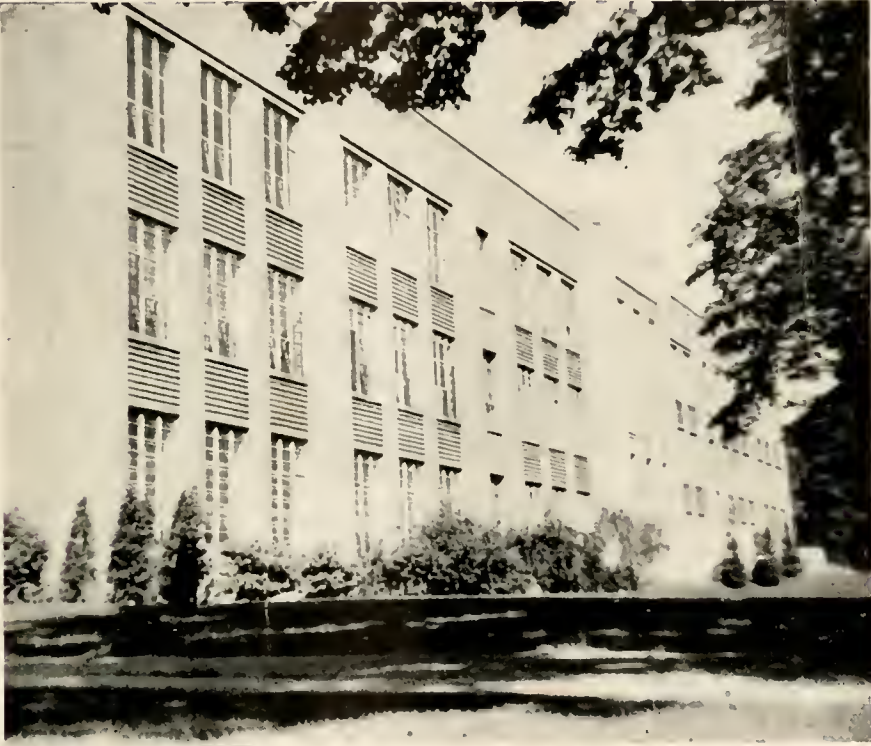
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* * *

Bill Taylor says, "Actually, I always live within my means, even if I have to borrow to do it."

* * *

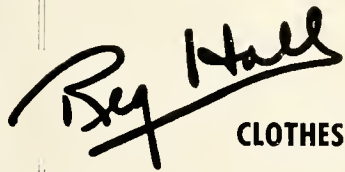
Roy Robinson was sitting in a crowded bus with his eyes closed. One of the women standing near him, gave him a nudge and asked him if he was asleep. "Oh, no," replied Roy, "I just can't bear to see women standing!"

* * *

Barbara P: I had a funny dream last night, and when I woke up I had chewed the inside out of the pillow.

Hallie J: Don't you feel sick today?

Barb: Oh, just a little down in-the-mouth!


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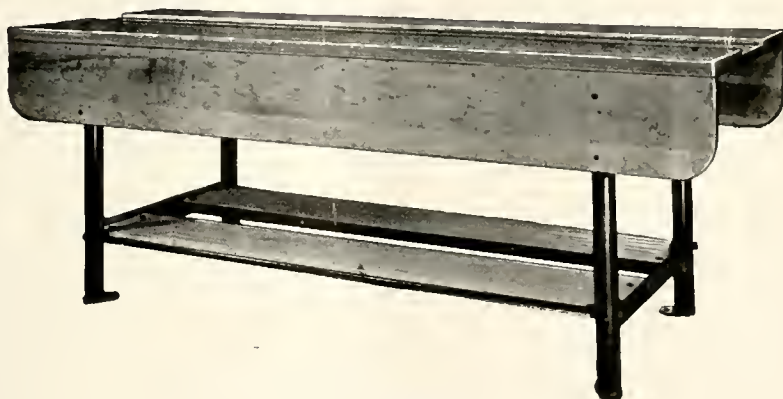
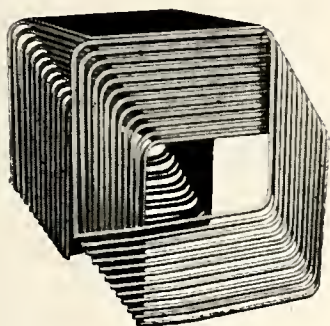
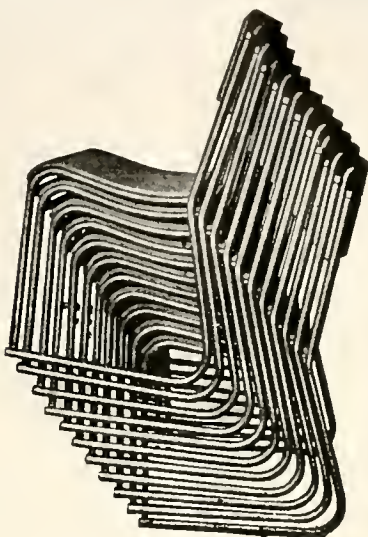


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"John," asked Miss Cropp, "what is a synonym?"

"A synonym," replied John, "is a word you use when you can't spell the other one."

* * *

Miss Dent: I want to know what makes trees become petrified.

Ginger (alias--). The wind makes them rock!

* * *

Marg. Van T.: What beautiful flowers you brought me! I believe there is a little dew on them.

Gerry E: Yes, there is, but I promise to pay it off to-morrow.

* * *

Visitor: How did your horse happen to win that race?

Jockey: Well, I just kept whispering in his ear: "Roses are red, violets are blue—horses that lose are made into glue!"

* * *

Nature is wonderful! A million years ago she didn't know we were going to wear glasses yet look at the way she placed our ears.

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Miss I. Lindsay, B.A., Miss B. Baird, B.A., Miss P. Shambleau, B.A., Mr. J. Turner, B.A., Mr. E. Berry, B.A.

2nd Row: Mr. J. Lawr, B.A., Mr. S. Blair, B.A., Miss A. Dales, B.A., Miss E. McCorquodale, Miss M. Bray, B.A.,
Mr. C. Kitching, M.A.

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Message From The **Chairman of the Board of Education**

Since the last issue of the Oracle, we have seen a world at war with the attending sorrow and pain at the loss of fellow men and the uprooting and destruction of many of our ideals, and things we believed worthwhile. But through the chaos of a world at war, hope of a better world to come has been vouchsafed to us. At the beginning of the first year of Peace, our people and our country are living in one of the great moments of history. It is fitting that in this the first postwar Oracle, we pause to give Thanks for the guidance, leadership and good fortune which guided Canada through to Victory and spared us the misfortunes of less fortunate countries and peoples.

Let us, too, ever remember and pay tribute to those young men and women who purchased this Peace at so great a price. There are no thanks, no tribute, no memorial, which can repay or even express our debt—except one—to build a peaceful and happy country, worthy of their sacrifice.

Throughout the War, and since, the world has had such declarations as the Atlantic Charter, expressing the aims and basis of things to come. But it ever must be remembered that for a happy and lasting Peace there must be more than a written document, no matter how lofty its aims. Like War, Peace must be planned, worked for and built. A seething postwar world merely shows that the transition from war to peace cannot be made in a moment or at a word.

Perhaps no fact has so clearly emerged from the conflict as the proven worth of education and our educational institutions, and the general need to make available to all young people of our country an improved preparation for life and living. Not only is it recognized that better methods, facilities and plant are necessary but the time and industry spent by students are amply repaid, both in preparation for making a living and enjoyment of life.

On behalf of The Board of Education, may I congratulate the Oracle staff and the Teachers assisting them, upon the excellence of their publication. May it long continue to carry on the fine tradition of past years, in fostering a loyalty to their Alma Mater and give to them the satisfaction of accomplishment, of which they can be justifiably proud.

—A. C. WHALEY.

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A Message From

THE PRINCIPAL



Sir Oracle:

On January 19, 1940, the new school was opened. Practically all the intervening period has been spent with a world at war. Priorities and war essentials changed the order of almost every walk of life. After a prolonged silence we are very pleased to welcome your activity again. Through your medium let me say a word of welcome home to all our past students who have returned from the many fields of battle. To those who shall never return, we owe an undying gratitude and obligation. Our sincere sympathy is extended to those bereaved and we hope that the ideals for which they fought and died will not be in vain.

I wish to take this opportunity to thank our many friends who so loyally supported us, in a tangible way throughout the years. My sincere desire is that our combined efforts will yield good returns for the Woodstock Collegiate Institute.

E. P. HODGINS,

Principal.



ORACLE STAFF

Back Row: Mr. L. Cardick, J. Murtha, C. Mueller, G. Else, M. Murray, H. McIntosh, Mr. J. Turner.

Middle Row: Mr. J. Lawr, K. Hansuld, D. Nash, I. Hart, M. Tatham, D. Matheson.

Front Row: G. Green, M. Holdsworth, A. Carnwath, R. Guthrie.

Absent: C. Parker.

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1945 — 46

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Activities	-	-	-	-	-	-	Glennie Green
Boys' Sports	-	-	-	-	-	-	Carl Parker
Girls' Sports	-	-	-	-	-	-	Margaret Tatham
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* * * *

"And Now We Have Peace"

The first peacetime "Oracle" in six years is going to press. Most of us have been attending collegiate during the war years, and we have often wondered what peacetime would be like. The education of many has been interrupted. Perhaps it has been to their advantage; they have met new people, seen new places and thought of new things. Some have paid the supreme sacrifice; others are returning to take up where they left off. Still others of us have remained at school so that we might be trained to take our part in the planning of a peacetime world, which we knew would come.

We've missed the "Oracle" the last three years — it, also, became a wartime casualty. In another quarter-century those years in collegiate will only be hazy memories, but we have tried to produce for you a record of the faces and activities of those at W.C.I. in 1945-46. It's been hard work, but we've had fun working together. We hope you like the result.

Now we present to you our 1946 "Oracle" with a suggestion from the pen of Francis Bacon. "Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested."

—Editor

Foundations For A Lasting Peace

One of the most prominent topics in the newspapers and on the radio today is the question of a lasting peace. Almost every day of the week editorials are written and radio speeches are heard relating to this topic. This is not surprising, since the solution of this problem is the key to the future of the world. If we do not provide a solid foundation for peace now, we are sowing the seeds of world chaos later. The whole future of the world rests on this problem of today.

How can we build a secure foundation for an enduring peace? As I make no claim to being a magician nor a medicine man with a panacea for the world's ills, I do not propose to submit a simple solution for this vexing problem. It seems to be giving the experts a little more trouble than they are able

to handle. What I shall try to do is give some idea of what is required to produce a lasting peace.

The problem of whether or not we require a world organization, such as a league of nations, has already been decided. I think that everyone feels it is one of the requisites for a lasting peace. We must be able to talk things over rationally. But in addition, we must have in our hands the power to enforce the peace, if it is necessary. A body such as a league of nations, combined with an international police force would give us just this protection.

There is no doubt that the aggressor nations should be disarmed. They should not be given a chance to strike again while our backs are turned.

I believe that one of the primary causes of war is man's need. In Germany after the First World War the average German civilian led a far from attractive life. Cold and hungry, he felt that he had been cheated. Hitler was the solution to his problems. Hitler clothed and fed him. Hitler told him he was now better off than he had ever been before. Der Fuhrer filled the disgruntled German with both food and propaganda. It was the promise of new and better things that the Nazis used, to influence the German people as they desired. We have seen the sad outcome of it all.

We must banish man's need as well as his fear. If a man has all he needs, he is generally content. If he is happy, he does not usually think of war or conquest in order to secure more than his just share.

In both Germany and Japan before 1939 the people were kept in ignorance of the true facts about what went on in the outside world. These people must be re-educated and given a new sense of values in life. They must be taught to live at peace with one another and with the world. We are the only ones capable of teaching them and we must make a good job of it. Both social and moral reforms must be achieved. The key to the Japanese sense of moral values lies in their religion — Shintoism. One would suppose at first that changing an entire nation's moral and religious outlook would be a gigantic, even an insuperable, undertaking. However,

General MacArthur has already told the Emperor to tell the Japanese people that their being a divine race is nothing but a myth. Government sponsoring of the Shinto shrines has been abolished, and at last, the Japanese people are beginning to learn the truth. So far there have been no violent repercussions to this change.

However, building the foundations for a lasting peace entails more than a number of reforms in the conquered countries. When the late Will Rogers was asked some years ago what was wrong with the world, he replied in his usual off-hand manner, "Oh, people, I guess!" Probably the same answer could be given to the world's ills at the present time. What are you and I going to do about building this foundation? The power lies in our hands; we must not misuse it. Our wishes govern the policies of our country. It is up to us to do the right thing.

The problem of laying the foundations for a lasting peace is a grave one. The future of the world depends on how well our job is done.

Elizabeth Kenny

Elizabeth Kenny, an Australian nurse famous for her treatment of poliomyelitis, came to America in 1940. She had found it difficult to convince Australian doctors of the success of her treatment, and an equally long struggle awaited her in America.

When she first arrived in America, she appealed to both the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis and the American Medical Association in vain. Finally she was sent to the University of Minnesota Medical School and the Minneapolis General Hospital. Here she demonstrated her treatment which succeeded in practically abolishing polio crippling in Minneapolis. By the old method polio was treated by applying splints and braces. Sister Kenny believes this only helps to cripple the patient, that the crippling effect is caused by the patient refusing to exercise his muscles because of the pain caused by the muscles in spasm. Her treatment is to relieve the pain by hot packs so that the stricken muscles may be exercised. This method sounds simple, but a skilful operator requires from three to six months training.

Apparently American doctors did not like to admit that a nurse could teach them

anything. Now the majority of people are in favour of her treatment, but there are still a few doctors prejudiced against her, despite her overwhelming success. Her life in America has not been easy. During the past few years many articles have appeared in medical papers criticizing her work. However, now, people all over America are clamouring for her treatment, and it is to be hoped that soon all doctors will realize that a nurse has taught them how to treat infantile paralysis. Sister Kenny's treatment is indeed one of the most outstanding advances ever made in orthopedic surgery.

Our War Memorial

With the cessation of hostilities after six long years of war, we, in our school, turn our thoughts to other matters. However, before we do so, let us put some time on a suitable memorial for the fifty-one boys whom we lost.

After the last war, students and teachers in the school felt it most fitting to procure a bronze memorial tablet with the names of those who were lost inscribed on it. Now, ideas are changing. People feel that it is more fitting to have something which will benefit those who are left, rather than something which will remind us of them only several times a year—particularly at our Memorial Day Service.

It has been said that our principal and some of the staff would prefer another bronze plaque to be placed near the first one. But is this what the boys themselves would prefer? I believe they would rather the school would choose something which it needs—something which might remind us of them more than just seeing their names written on metal.

Students and other teachers have thoughts along this line. But, you ask, what would be most suitable? There have been several suggestions. The first one is a school Swimming Pool. We wanted one when the new school was built. Could we have one now? No. There is no place for one in the present school. But we are not to be entirely disillusioned. The Board of Education is planning to build a new addition to the school within ten years. At that time there will be supplied not only a swimming pool but also another gym!

Our thoughts must turn to something else. Perhaps a Pipe Organ for our auditorium. When we heard that beautiful music rolling from the pipes, would we not be reminded of old scenes, when we had those others with us? Would they not enjoy it if they were here? Not only could the students enjoy it but also many in the city.

Let us hasten to earn money for something of this nature. We already have a nest-egg to start us off. Let us see how quickly we can make it grow into a worthwhile sum. It shouldn't take long.

Radar

The world was greatly interested when it heard that a radar contact had been established with the moon. This contact required two and one-half seconds and was made from the Eans Signal Laboratory, New Jersey.

During the year 1941 a radar school was formed at Malvern, England. This school which covered fifty acres was known as the Telecommunications Research Laboratory. The three chief radar machines developed at Malvern were - A - The "G.L.", used for Anti-Aircraft defence, - B - "Elsie", used for circling searchlights, - C - and also an apparatus used for directing coastal guns.

At such places as Malvern, radar equipment was constructed at a very high cost for war purposes. Now, with the peace era here, radar has many important uses. Scientists are planning to explore space by use of radar. Radar is able to pierce the ionosphere, or the electrified outer areas of the earth's atmosphere, beyond which ordinary radio waves cannot penetrate. Due to this fact radar can be used to accurately gauge the distance between the celestial bodies. It has been predicted that radar guided rockets will travel to the moon within ten years and piloted rockets will travel to the moon within twenty years. We can, therefore, look to radar in the future to expand our present scientific world.

* * *

We're proud of our photography this year; and if you can't laugh at our jokes for their originality, please respect them for their old age.

Eisenhower at Toronto "U"

If wishes were horses, wouldn't you ride too? Just now, I'm dreaming that I have accepted an invitation to luncheon, to be held in Hart House, University of Toronto. At this function the guest of honour is a gentleman whom anyone of us would be highly honoured to meet — General Eisenhower. Later the same afternoon—January 12, to be exact, I shall be one of the eager thousands attending special Convocation when an honorary degree will be conferred upon the distinguished American visitor.

Although this is just a flight of fancy on ye Editor's part, it was the enviable experience of our Principal in his capacity as Member of the Board of Governors of his Alma Mater. We understand also, that some of the graduates of Woodstock Collegiate Institute, now attending the University of Toronto, had close-ups of the celebrated guest. In one of the newspaper shots, a past student — Donald L. Coles, could be seen near the general.

We feel that every Canadian, especially those members of the armed service who profited by his eminent leadership in the European theatre of World War II, applaud the action of the University of Toronto in conferring on so distinguished and deserving a fellow American the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws.

* * *

Editorial Shorts

How about bringing your tunics out of moth-balls, girls? We think that they look very smart at Assembly on Wednesday morning when there are likely to be visitors in the school.

* * *

Do you read the W.C.I. Sportsreel in the Sentinel-Review every week? It's really good and our girls' sports editor is doing a swell job.

* * *

Rumours last fall suggested a Shooting Club for the girls in the school. Since nothing has been heard about it, apparently it did not come into existence. (Perhaps next year)—what happened? . . .

Our rugby games this fall were particularly exciting with the addition of four cheer leaders — Margaret Tatham, Stella Chatam, Jim Ennis, and Tom Ballantyne. They were, to say the least, energetic, and put their whole heart into their work. Credit must go to Mr. Hilts for training them.

* * *

Reports have reached our ears that Stratford Normal School has some very comfortable chairs scattered throughout the halls. So inviting are they, that, so we are told, it is with great difficulty that the students are persuaded to enter the classrooms. Upon hearing this news, someone suggested that we might have chairs in our halls for the industrious noon day workers.

* * *

Please don't feel that we don't appreciate the fact that our examinations aren't crowded into a few days. We do. But must they be stretched out through three weeks? We don't know about you, but some of us felt that our Christmas Examinations would never end.

* * *

We have heard some of our boys say that they would like a physical training instructor like Miss Stock. Please don't misunderstand us. By that, we mean a teacher who would be able to devote his whole time to sports.

* * *

It was with great pleasure that we learned, last fall, that Mr. Hilts was returning. As most of you know, he left our school in 1942 and joined the Air Force. We were very sorry to see him go, but now, we look forward to having him with us for many years to come. To you, Mr. Hilts, we say, "Welcome back".

* * *

Again comes the same old complaint—not enough Literary meetings. Who is to blame this time—the society, the teachers or the student body? One of its main drawbacks is that it does not get started early enough. Can't anything be done about that?

* * *

Tea Dances this year seem to be pretty scarce. Is it true that we've had only one this year? Tsk . . . Tsk . . . This would never do. Couldn't we make up for it between now and June?

An event in history! For the first time in the life of our school, fifth form had to be divided. We hope this will be kept up and maybe in another fifty years there will be three fifth forms!

* * *

Nor was the fifth form the only crowded form. The rise in attendance occurred in every form, as this year we have an enrollment of over 650 students. Another occurrence of importance is the first use of the gallery in Assembly by upper school pupils.

* * *

The school hockey team is a welcome addition to the school. We applaud their fine efforts up to now. Keep up the good work, boys!

* * *

Since the last "Oracle" was published three operettas have been presented by the Glee Club. These show the great advancement of the club under the direction of Miss Kellerman and certainly make fine entertainment for the school and its friends. We hope they'll not be discontinued.

* * *

We on the Oracle Staff wish to thank our Advisory Committee consisting of Mr. Lawr, Mr. Turner, and Mr. Cordick. Very cheerfully and energetically, they helped us publish this magazine, and to them we offer our humble thanks. We would also like to thank Miss Cropp, who, although not on the Advisory Committee, helped us considerably.

* * *

This fall two new members were added to our teaching staff—Miss Lindsay and Mr. Turner. Throughout the year they have shown themselves to be interested in the school, and incidentally, they both helped to make this magazine a success. Mr. Turner served on the Advisory Committee, and Miss Lindsay designed the attractive cover for our book.

* * *

Two people whom we think deserve much praise are our two typists — Doreen Nash and Ruth Guthrie. They worked frantically to get everything typed for publication and the staff certainly appreciated it. We would also like to thank Bob Ackman who kindly took and printed many pictures for us.

1939

In Men Second W

AMOS, LLOYD, *Flying Officer*
ATKINSON, JEAN, *Section Officer*
BENDALL, BROCK L., *Guardsman*
BEST, THOMAS, *Pilot Officer*
BIER, DONALD, *Flying Officer*
BOND, LESLIE CHARLES, *Captain*
CASE, EMERSON, *Sergeant*
CHILDS, ALFRED, *Sergeant Gunner*
CHILDS, EDWARD, *Captain*
DAFOE, JACK, *Pilot Officer*
DAVIS, OAKLEY, *Gunner*
DOTZENROTH, HUGO, *Sergeant Pilot*
DRIVER, THOMAS, *Lance Corporal*
FLOOD, DONALD, *Pilot Officer*
GILMAR, LESLIE, *Sergeant*
GRANT, MURRAY, *Pilot Officer*
HALL, DONALD, *Lieutenant*
HARCOURT, JAMES, *Sergeant*
HARDWICK, HUBERT, *Private*
HEAL, STANLEY, *Pilot Officer*
HEMMING, W. R., *Sapper*
HOSACK, HOWARD, *Lieutenant*
IRWIN, WILLIAM J., *Flying Officer*
JONES, DONALD, *Able Seaman*
KNEALE, T. M., *Squadron Leader*

PR
ROBERTSHAW, JOHN, *Sergeant Pilot*
SCHOFIELD, HAROLD, *Sergeant Pilot*
SLATER, MURRAY, *Lance Corporal*
SLOANE, J. GORDON, *Lieutenant*
SPARKS, CLARENCE, *Lieutenant*
THORNE, ALEX R., *Gunner*
TODD, JAMES W., *Ordinary Coder*
TRUIN, KENNETH, *Sapper*
• THURLOW, JOHN, *Flight Lieutenant*
UTTING, VICTOR, *Sergeant Pilot*
WEST, ROBERT, *Stoker 1st Class*
WILSDON, RAYMOND, *Flying Officer*
WILSDON, ROBERT, *Flight Lieutenant*
YATES, WALTER HERBERT, *Signaller*

differ, for these are the thoughts that crowd our minds on graduation.

During the past few years, we have, through careful guidance, been brought to the threshold of our knowledge. Our minds have been prepared to grasp life and to hold on to it—to solve the difficult problem of living in a not-too-secure world. We have studied many subjects; some of them we may have felt were not necessary for the business of making a living. But all were given with the intention of training our minds to think—to think easily, and clearly, to develop a mind that can take on the business of living without guidance and without hindrance.

Our teachers have watched our progress with interested and critical care, not for any personal glory it could bring them—but purely because they have given of their ability, their energy, their lives to shape the irresponsible and ignorant child into the dependable and intelligent man. We owe them much, we can repay them only through our earnest use of what they have given us.

As fellow students we must part. We have worked together, learned together, played together, lived together, and through that association we have given each other somewhat of ourselves. For our development we owe each other much that cannot be calculated in the cold and insufficient terms of language. It must be felt and left undefined.

Some of us will choose to seek further academic guidance to fit us for a different and perhaps more complicated vocation. Others will step directly into life to gain further knowledge through practical experience. Whatever our pathway and wherever it leads, we shall always have interest in each other's work and genuine pleasure in each other's success.

Today we enter a world with opportunities that have never before been offered to a generation. A new world is in the making. We stand on the threshold of the Atomic Age, in a world of which we know nothing. It will be our work to shape that world into what we desire. We want freedom so that science can give us atomic energy without fear of chaos. We want freedom for religion so that we may pursue our chosen faith, secure in the knowledge that that faith will

Carl Parker

Valedictory

Mr. Chairman, Honoured Guests, Graduates and Students—

To-night it is an honour and a privilege for me to act as valedictorian for the graduating class of 1945. At this moment, I am reminded of a certain graduation at an American Theological College. The dean was giving a farewell address to his graduating students. He said, "Gentlemen, I would ask you to deliver your sermons in this way. When you speak of heaven, look up towards the sky and smile, so that your faces may radiate the light of heaven. But, gentlemen, when you speak of hell, your normal faces will do." To-night, my friends, I would ask your permission to use my normal face.

Many classes have graduated from the Woodstock Collegiate Institute and many addresses have been given. They have contained much the same subject matter—a reference to our school years, our teachers, and our fellow students. This address will not

carry us through any new age. We want freedom to think, to build, to advance. These are our dreams; let us make them realities.

With our goodbyes to our teachers, our fellows and our school, we realize that our days of security are over. There will be times when we look back with longing on our school years. But life with security is unprofitable. We must be eager to step forth and take our places. We have been given the tools; let us proceed with the task!

The Community Concerts

At the first concert on October 12, Marina Svetlova (prima ballerina, Metropolitan Opera Association) delighted her audience with the delicate precision of her dances and her colourful costumes. She was accompanied on the stage by Alexis Datinoff, leading male dancer of the Metropolitan Opera. Adrina Otero pleased the audience with several Spanish dances. The pianist was the eminent Russian-born Sergei Malavsky.

Leonard Warren, Leading Baritone of the Metropolitan Opera Association rendered a very fine concert on November 2. The audience was captivated by his powerful, rich voice and dramatic magnetism. He has had a splendid career and we were indeed fortunate in hearing him.

The Bary Ensemble which consisted of Gertrude Bary, Pianist, Mary Becker, violinist, Virginia Peterson, cellist, and Lorna Wren, flutist, entertained concert goers on January 21. Each delighted the audience with several solos, and all joined in to bring many well known and loved encores, being called back many times by the audience.

Winston Churchill

Winston Churchill was born in London in 1874. His early years were spent at the Viceregal Lodge and Phoenix Park, Dublin. As far as the boy was concerned he saw little of his father and mother. His was a lonely life. His father was deep in politics and his lovely mother was one of the greatest favourites in the social circles of England.

For one of his standing it was customary to attend Sandhurst or Eton College and later Oxford or Cambridge. Because of his none too robust health, his parents chose Harrow. Both here and later at Sandhurst, he was a failure in Latin, Greek, and Mathe-

matics. Because of this his father thought he would be no good at the "bar". The only thing to do was to put him into the army.

He did not do very well on the Army entrance examinations, but after several attempts he succeeded in being accepted. Later, he studied, and ranked well in his classes. He became an expert horseman.

He played an active part in many wars some of which were, Indian, South African, and World War I. He won several medals.

Although he liked army life, he wanted something else to do, so as his father had done, he turned to politics. He left the Army in 1900 and decided to contest a seat in the House of Commons. He ran several times before he was elected.

Men often listened to him intently, as though he were a prophet, but they did not heed his prophecies. He saw the Germans breaking the Treaty of Versailles. He tried to warn the British Government of the danger of "wars and bombing raids", and to build up the Army and Airforce in particular. He succeeded in getting forty planes and later extended it to forty squadrons.

Early in the war, Prime Minister Chamberlain made him First Lord of the Admiralty. Later when Chamberlain was forced to resign, Churchill became Prime Minister. In his first speech he said, "I have nothing to offer but blood, toil, sweat and tears."

Churchill is a renowned orator and parliamentarian and has an ability for quick thinking on his feet.

It often seems to religious men and women as if Divine Providence in its Infinite wisdom and mercy had raised up this leader to face a crisis and to bring courage to failing hearts.

It was in 1940 when the Nazi hordes were poised at the channel ports ready to strike, that Prime Minister Winston Churchill said these words, "Let us therefore, brace ourselves to our duty, so that if the British Empire and its Commonwealth lasts for one thousand years, men will say, this was their finest hour!"

Mr. Churchill's party was defeated in August of last year and he is now trying to lead a quiet life, although he takes part in many activities.

Melba Brownscombe, 11C



Margaret Dewan

Scholarships

Carter Scholarship

We are proud to announce that Miss Margaret Dewan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. M. Dewan, Ingersoll, has won the 3rd Carter Scholarship for Oxford County (1945) valued at \$40., and also a Provincial University Scholarship of \$400.

Margaret won numerous proficiency prizes, and public speaking prizes while attending W.C.I. Last year she was an officer in the girls' cadet corps, president of the Athletic Society, Vice-president of the Student Executive and voted the most popular girl in the school.

Margaret is now taking the Pre-medical course at University of Toronto. Good luck, "Peg".

I.O.D.E. Scholarships

Miss Marion Ellis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Ellis, R.R. 3, Woodstock, and Jack Pullen, son of Mrs. F. Pullen, R.R. 6 Woodstock, won I.O.D.E. scholarships valued at \$50, presented by Mrs. L. C. Wood, Regent of the Admiral Vansittart Chapter. Marion is attending the University of Toronto this year, and Jack is employed on the farm of D. H. Hart, R. R. 6 Woodstock.

Provincial Normal School Scholarship

Ronald Weber, son of Mrs. E. J. Weber, Beachville won a Provincial Normal School Scholarship of \$200. Ronald is attending Stratford Normal School this year.

Provincial Scholarships

Kenneth Scott, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Scott, 551 George St., Woodstock, won a University Provincial Scholarship valued at \$400. Kenneth is now attending University of Toronto.

Grade XIII Provincial Scholarships of \$100. were awarded to S. John Sorenson, son of Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Sorenson, Shakespeare and Donald Yeoman, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Yeoman, 479 Queen St. Woodstock. John is attending Stratford Collegiate this year and Donald is continuing his studies at Woodstock Collegiate.

Woodstock Collegiate Institute is very proud of these scholarship winners and wishes them every success in their further studies.



"WEST WIND"

Tom Thomson

(COURTESY ART GALLERY OF TORONTO)

Canadian Art

True Canadian art was first begun by Tom Thomson. In his brief and dramatic career he first painted the north country in its true colours. In March he would leave for the north and not return until November; most of his sketching was done in Algonquin Park. He never attended a school of art, but his pictures have brilliant colour, powerful rhythm and are full of the mood of the north country. In 1917 he was assured a brilliant career, but it was never realized. One summer morning his canoe was found upturned in Canoe Lake, Algonquin Park. Several days later his body was found, and death was attributed to accidental drowning; but several things remain unexplained: a deep gash across the head, the lungs still filled with air, and the fact that Thomson was

a superb canoeist. Canada had lost her finest landscape artist, who died just when he had reached his prime. Thomson was only forty, but he left a lasting imprint on Canadian art. The famed Group of Seven was organized in his memory.

These lines by a fellow artist, J. E. H. MacDonald, inscribed upon a small memorial on the shores of Canoe Lake, eloquently sum up Thomson's life: "To the memory of Tom Thompson, artist-woodsman and guide who was drowned in Canoe Lake, July 8th, 1917, who lived humbly and passionately with the wild. It made him brother to all untamed things in nature. It drew him apart and revealed itself wonderfully to him. It sent him out from the woods only to show these revelations through his art; and it took him to itself at last."

Book Reviews

Bright Paths To Adventure

The days of romance and adventure are by no means past. Here is a real book for those of you who yearn for the thrilling days of the Spanish Main. The book should be of special interest to Canadians as it was written by Gordon Sinclair who spent his boyhood in Toronto and still makes it his home unless he is wandering through forbidden Tibet. Although some of them sound like tall tales, Mr. Sinclair, who has travelled the world over, states that all of his stories are true first-hand-accounts of incidents that actually happened.

"Bright Paths to Adventure" is not one continuous story, but a collection of thirty-one exciting chapters. The author tells of interesting incidents concerning wild animals, of the hypnotic and supernatural powers of the Voodoo Men of India, of the only man who ever saw a mountain born, of lost continents, of buried treasure, of a one-armed general who has just begun making his sixth million dollars, as well as of gripping adventures in which our own Canadian Mounties figure.

If you read "Bright Paths to Adventure" you can travel around the world, seeing all these strange things and many more, while seated beside a cosy fireplace. I am sure that you will find here three-hundred pages of fascinating adventure that you will want to read again and again.

Don Hart 11B

Short Leash

By Bertrand Shurtleff

Following **A.W.O.L.**, his popular book of 1944, Bertrand Shurtleff has written a new dog story about two great army dogs in the South Pacific.

Spareribs and Huskie, with their trainers Lieutenant Sedgewick, Sergeant Trueman, and Corporal Nilson, are sent to the Pacific fighting zone. Spareribs, aptly named, although scrawny, is an exceedingly wiry messenger dog. Huskie, a contrast to Spareribs, is a magnificent specimen of the breed

which gives him his name. He is trained to accompany patrols and warn them of strangers in the vicinity by a bird-dog point.

When a plane carrying two highly important officers crashed in the Owen Stanley Mountains, Lieutenant Sedgewick requests that he, Trueman, and the dogs be allowed to hunt for the missing officers. On the slim chance that the officers may be alive, the request is granted; then they, along with a native guide Orani, are parachuted into a valley near the scene of the crash. The party is in a precarious position as the jungle is infested with savage natives, Japanese, and disease-carrying insects. Food and medical supplies run short. When the rescuers are surrounded by the enemy, it seems as if nothing short of a miracle can accomplish their rescue.

As Mr. Shurtleff makes the reader feel all the menace of the situation, anyone who craves adventure will find it in **SHORT LEASH**.

Donna Dawson, 12A

"Brother, Here's A Man!"

"Brother, Here's a Man!" written by Kim Beattie and published in 1940, recounts the exploits of Joseph Boyle in company with Frank Slavin, the Australian prize fighter, during the Klondike Gold Rush, and later of Mr. Boyle by himself through the Russian Revolution, as well as his association with Queen Marie of Rumania. To live such an eventful life as Joseph Boyle's, a man required, on one side, herculean physical strength and audacity undreamt of before, and on the other side, honesty, gentleness, and absolute frankness with everyone. Boyle had all these qualities.

Mr. Beattie's interesting and authentic account involved a substantial amount of work on his part. To obtain the material, he spent much time and travelled widely; his references to "The Firs", a well known estate on the edge of Woodstock, which was the former Boyle family home, is of local interest.

Colonel Joseph Boyle is portrayed as a figure more at home in the midst of fighting than in a fireside chair—as a truly great man, whose courage made his adversaries quail.

His adventures reveal that he was admired by the unfortunate from the Chilkoot Pass to Bucharest and Moscow.

With lines borrowed from Robert Service, a friend of Colonel Boyle's, Queen Marie of Rumania fittingly sums up this man in the epitaph that she sent to mark his grave in England.

"A man with the heart of a Viking,
And the simple faith of a child."

Joseph Thompson XIB

"Who Dare To Live"

Lt. Commander Frederick B. Watt, R.C.N.V.R.

Exciting, dramatic, breathlessly interesting is Frederick Watt's odyssey—of those who go down to the sea in ships to serve their country in time of war.

The book is dedicated to two close shipmates of Lt. Commander Watt, who appear in the book in spirit urging him, and who, since its writing have been lost at sea. Among the early events in this war the poet mentions Dunkirk and then mentions later events as seen through the eyes of a merchant seaman.

This book is one of all too few about "Our Silent Service"—the Navy. Parts of it will remind you of that popular movie "In Which We Serve." On reading "Who Dare To Live", others will recall "The Wreck of the Jervis Bay". For a modern poem with life-like characters and suspense enough to keep your interest to the very last page, you will look long before you find another yarn to beat Lt. Commander Frederick Watt's—"Who Dare To Live".

Ellen Moon 12A

Latin America: Twenty Friendly Nations

Latin America: Twenty Friendly Nations is an interesting book of special interest to students. It is well and beautifully illustrated, and contains maps giving detailed information about the different countries.

The book is in three sections. The first, "The Past to the Present", explains why the term Latin America is applied to the twenty countries which make up Mexico, Central and South America. It goes on to tell the history of the Incas in South America and

the Mayas in Mexico and Central America and gives an account of the rule of force by the Spanish and Portuguese, the fight for independence begun by Bolivar, and the struggle for democracy.

The second part tells the stories of the wealth and progress of the twenty modern Latin republics. In the third section entitled "The Americas Learn to Work Together", the authors try to promote a better understanding between the United States and South America.

The three authors are Prudence Cutright, W. W. Charters and George I. Sanchy. Professor Sanchy wrote in the foreword that he hoped through this book the people who read it would become better acquainted with their neighbours to the south, and he closed with the Spanish phrase "Hasta leuga, amigo", ("So long, friends").

Patricia Poole 11A

Frenchman's Creek

Daphne du Maurier, famous for "Rebecca" and "Jamaica Inn," has given us another vivid romance in "Frenchman's Creek," which is set on the wild south Cornish coast, during the Seventeenth Century.

Impetuous and beautiful, Dona St. Columb suddenly rebelled against the empty life that occupied her time in London with a husband she had never loved, and fled to her husband's estate, "Navon," in Cornwall. Free at last, she enjoyed the soft climate, the lazy hours, and the long walks in the afternoon.

Her peace, however, was suddenly disrupted when, one afternoon she discovered that "Narvon", was the refuge of a notorious Breton pirate. Impulsively, she signed her name to the ship's company.

To reveal the story of the rest of that summer and its conclusion to those who have not read the book would be unfair. In this story, Miss du Maurier has matched, if not excelled, her other famous novels in swift tempo, suspense and vividness. Every chapter contributes to the greatness of this novel. "Frenchman's Creek" is a book, which the reader, having read the first chapter, will not wish to leave before he has read the last.

Alena Cody-Williams 13A

Stories and Essays



The House of Tomorrow

We are entering a new age! It is one of atomic energy, modern inventions, huge industrial developments, and the planning of a world peace. All this is of great importance to the average housewife. War brought many women out of the kitchen, and the assembly line taught them to appreciate efficiency; consequently they are vitally concerned about the House of Tomorrow. What will it be like?

The modern kitchen—workshop of the home, is a housekeeper's paradise. An electric dish washer is a very important feature. How much time and drudgery one of these eliminate. The refrigerator has revolving shelves which enables the housewife to see instantly just what she wants. There is no need to remove all the contents to reach that small dish of fruit in the very back corner. And the Presto Cooker! That is why Mrs. Housewife can have a delicious dinner prepared in such a short time. Vegetables are cooked in two or three minutes and a roast is ready in much less than an hour.

The living room is really full of surprises. Push a button, a glass wall changes its position, and there you have a new room! It can be made larger or smaller as you wish. The furniture in the room is of metal or plastic materials that stand up under any number of jitterbug parties. Remember how the old furniture used to look even more worn than usual after a "jam session by the teen-age crowd." The wall next the garden is completely built of glass, perhaps, and there are no chilly draughts either. For a cozy evening by the fire, the housewife just draws the easily-cleaned glass curtains.

Many other improvements are revealed in the modern house. It is lighted throughout by fluorescent lighting which eliminates glare. The bathroom has non-skid tubs and showers. There are no heavy wool blankets on the beds. In their place are light, electrically heated ones. The furniture in baby's nursery is unbreakable. Crayon marks on the walls can be removed with soap and

water without doing any damage to the surface. There might even be a Baby Tender!

The modern house is built for the family rather than have the family adapt itself to the house. It is a place where young and old can work, play, and entertain their friends. Edgar Guest said,—"It takes a heap o' livin' in a house to make it home." The House of Tomorrow is, indeed, a home.

Isobel Hart 13B.

My Native Land

British Columbia, my beloved native land, is the third largest province in the Dominion. The wealth of the fruitful Okanagan Valley, the yields of mines and fisheries, the snow-capped Rocky Mountains, the humming industries of Vancouver, Canada's largest Pacific port, and the pulp and paper towns of the coast are all well-known. Nature in her grandest mood, paints the beauty of towering mountains, dense forests, and mighty rivers. On Canada's "Pacific Frontier" the pride and vigor of the New World is revealed. There too is apparent sincere loyalty to the Empire.

Two years ago I migrated east and adopted your province, Ontario, the land of treasure! Her wealth in nickel, copper, iron and gold, from mines whose names are world famous is beyond a king's ransom. Her rolling acres of tidy farms and woodlots surround numerous thriving industrial cities. Power developed from the natural resources of Mighty Niagara plays a leading part in developing her industries. Besides the Great Lakes, thousands of acres of scenic parks invite an ever increasing flow of tourists to enjoy varied recreations. This is Ontario—proud of her history and loyal to the traditions of true democracy.

Perhaps you would be interested to hear of a few of the sharpest contrasts between my former school and yours—the high school (not collegiate) where I went, with about two hundred. The pupils had only four grades, not five as we have here. In it, our teachers moved from one classroom to another while the pupils remained in their home forms. I prefer the rotary system of W.C.I. as it adds variety to the day. I have noticed also several slight differences in curriculum. For

instance, I formerly studied physics and chemistry simultaneously, instead of in separate years. Here our annual field day is held in the autumn, but in my last school we held ours in May and had a May Queen coronation as part of that day's activities.

Woodstock although a small city, is an ideal place in which to live. Woodstock Collegiate Institute is one of the best schools that I have attended and I hope to continue my education here until I graduate.

Chiyoka Takeda 12A

The Robot Bomb

On the night of June 12, 1944, a lookout on the south coast of England heard a sound like a distant motorcycle engine. Looking up, he saw what appeared to be a small aeroplane with its tail on fire, coming inland at high speed and at a low level. This was the first appearance on the stage of history of the robot bomb, the weapon of the next war.

The rocket, like many so called inventions, is not new to war. The ingenious Chinese used it centuries ago, and its use by the British in the Napoleonic Wars and the War of 1812 has been immortalized in the line, "by the rocket's red glare".

Warfare is a thing of which we are not proud. It is a stigma on our civilization. Nevertheless, warfare is a time of stimulated advance in many fields. This has been particularly true of the field of science in the war just ended. Radar, new drugs, the full realization of the potentialities of the aeroplane, and many other things are a beneficial legacy to coming generations. The roots of all these forward steps lie back in the days of peace, and among them was the germ of the ideas embodied by the Germans in the robot bombs. Even before "Buck Rogers" and "Flash Gordon", men speculated on the possibility of travel through the solar system. To this end, International Rocket societies were organized. The German government has always fostered scientific research and it carefully encouraged developments in the field of rockets. The Germans concentrated all their researches on the isolated Baltic island of Peenemunde. When war broke out in 1939, the Germans had advanced far

enough in this field for Hitler to boast of his "secret weapon".

Now the British were not altogether in the dark as to this "secret weapon" and soon discovered by good fortune and patient reconnaissance, the base at Peenemunde. It was decided that this viper's nest must be destroyed at all costs, and accordingly, on the night of August 17, 1943, 500 R. A. F. bombers devastated the island. Most of the technicians and scientists were killed and much of the models, equipment and data were destroyed. This single blow set back German research six months, and saved Britain as an invasion base for D-Day.

British Intelligence kept the Allied Supreme Command informed of German progress, and even before the first bomb was launched against London, a great decision had been made. Rather than set forward "D-day" enough to capture the launching sites on the French coast before the Germans could use them, it was decided to sacrifice the city of London. As it was, constant Allied Air attacks, excellent defences, and Montgomery's breakthrough in Normandy, spearpointed by Canadians, combined to save London.

The V-1, or buzz-bomb, was not a true rocket, and had only a limited range. Its successor, the V-2, was a true rocket and at the end of the war the Germans were almost ready to launch the mighty V-10 against North America. To those who say, "it can't happen here" note the following. On March 19, 1945, six U-boats put out to sea. They planned to launch robot-bomb attacks against the Atlantic Seaboard. Fortunately, concentrated efforts disposed of them all before they could do their work. German scientists said that in six months they could have been bombarding America with the terrible V-10, enhanced by their own development of the Atomic Bomb.

The next war, and we pray there will not be one, may be a "pushbutton war". Buried deep in underground burrows, men will launch super rocket-bombs against each other. One such bomb may lay waste a whole city the size of Detroit. Defences? Radar could give only thirty minutes warning of a bomb launched against us from across the Atlantic. A whole broad contin-

ent to strike at. Travelling faster than sound. Invisible to the naked eye. Inaudible to the ear. What could we do? Our only hope lies in preventing even the most remote inception of war by supporting all world peace organizations to the limit.

—Bob Ackman, 13A—

Reflections Of An Army Nurse

Dawn was breaking in a rosy glow as we poked our tousled heads from our tent on a battlefield in France. We (two other army nurses and I) had arrived the night before by troop transport. We were the first Canadian girls to reach the front, and there was much to be done.

As the guns over the hills were barking, I knew that before many hours the homesick and weary casualties would be brought to us.

We had been issued khaki coveralls, regulation boots, and steel helmets (which we used for wash basins), and as I pulled on my boots over my heavy wool socks, I prayed that we might help some boys to life and love again that day. I know that the other girls prayed too, for I saw dark-haired Jeanette cross herself and murmur a few words as she stepped from the tent.

Within half an hour a lad of nineteen was brought to us. Wounded in the leg by sniper bullets, he was sobbing heart-brokenly as the orderlies carried him into my tent. On asking if the pain was very bad I received the reply, "No, but we're advancing and I'm going to be left behind." I gave him morphine and then began to dress the wound. As his leg had a compound fracture, I knew that he needed immediate hospital care; so I listed him as one of the first to return to England. Then I gave him a cigarette, and as I left I heard him say to the picture of a teen-ager he held in his hand, "I'm afraid we can't go skating this year, but maybe next winter, Sis."

All day long the casualties poured into camp, and we worked mechanically, with tears in our eyes and lumps in our throats, caring for them.

At five-thirty a hospital orderly told us to prepare the most serious cases for the trip to England. The Hospital Transport,

which had landed on the strip at Nantes, would be ready to leave in two hours.

As I strapped a tow-headed youngster onto a stretcher for the short ride in the lorry, which would take him to the strip, he grinned at me and said, "You know, Sister, this is the first time that I have called a girl 'sister' without having my face slapped." Even while pain was wracking his body, he could exchange a joke with his buddies and me.

When the soldiers had all been loaded into the plane, I obtained permission from the C.O. to step in and make sure they were all comfortable. As I passed number 14 a young boy grasped my hand and whispered, "Please, Sister, kiss me before you go. You see, I can read a medical chart and I know that I may not last long." How could I refuse his plea? It seemed the least I could do for him who had risked his life for me.

I have many other memories of my life as an army nurse, but my first day in France is the most vivid of them all.

Donna Dawson 12A

"Cupitimity"

February fourteenth (St. Valentine's Day to you) lies in wait just around the corner. It is, literally, the only red letter day in the year. A day set aside for the young in heart though old in body. No matter how old or how youthful you are, this is one chance to show your affection for that certain someone. Ture, some foul, villainous fellow, however, takes this opportunity to take a "dig" at someone he dislikes.

St. Valentine's Day is a fine opportunity for the easily embarrassed to take their heart in their hands and pass it along. For the more dashing, particularly a practical joker, 'tis a chance not to be denied. Imagine the confusion one could create with a few innocent (?) valentines. Whether your intentions are honourable, or if you are just curious, now is the time to see who is chasing whom. Then there is the person who fools us all. His name is anonymous.

To the business man, Valentine's Day is a golden opportunity. Though your valentine may cost five cents or five dollars, he must make enough money to last the rest of the year. But "shux" Valentine's day comes but

once a year, and it is a splendid opportunity heart-strings. The fellow who really suffers to loosen your purse strings as well as your is the post-man. His motto must be, "Through rain, snow, and St. Valentine's day, the mail must go through."

If your heart yearns to someone all ready escorted—remember, all's fair in love and war. Now is a good opportunity to "muscle".

That is, provided you are ready to pay he consequences—a box of candy or a small piece of beef steak for your eye.

Yes! The Blitz of Bliss is just around the corner, so grab your beaux and arrows and watch your aim. One word of warning—Heaven help the man who sends a valentine to my gal!

Neil Gloin, 13A

On Skating

The air was crisp, and biting cold,
The ice was thick and strong;
As usual, I tried to skate,
The sport I've envied long.

With gallant heart and beating pulse,
My skates I did pull on.
But once I got upon the ice
My spirit—it was gone.

I bent this way, I tottered that,
I fear I was a sight;
But bravely I kept lurching on,
Nor gave heed to my plight.

As other skaters passed me by
With long and graceful strides,
It really was not pleasant
For anyone with pride.

For over in one corner,
They were doing the Figure Eight;
But even with their training
They could not match my gait.

My tumbles—they were numerous,
Not one, but nearer ten.
Falling doesn't help morale—
Whoops! there I go again!

Thus, aching feet I torture,
And heart I fill with fear.
But yet, on skates you'll see me,
As usual, next year.

Doris Matheson 13B

A Friday Before Nine

Last Friday morning I fell out of bed with my mother's voice ringing in my ears. I wasn't the least big eager to get out of bed, but that is the same old feeling I have every morning. After that everything went wrong. I couldn't find a pair of blue socks, which I had to have because I was wearing my blue sweater. My mother said nobody would look at my feet anyway but of course I knew they would. Parents can be so juvenile at times!

When I arrived downstairs for breakfast, my mother was running around like a fire engine. She had discovered that the storm, early that morning, had stopped the electric clock. My brother Jack was looking at his "Boy Scout Handbook" to see what time it was according to the sun. But I don't have much faith in the "Boy Scout Handbook", to say nothing of my brother. He finally said it was between eight and nine o'clock, which naturally helped a lot.

I gulped down my breakfast, gathered my books from the hall table, put on my coat, and stumbled out of the house. It was raining! I banged on the door until my mother finally opened it. I dashed in, ran to the closet and looked about for my umbrella. Of course, I couldn't find it; so I at once began yelling, "Where's my umbrella?" Mother didn't know. I clinched my fists, gnashed my teeth, and wished I lived on a desert island. By this time my twin brother was coming down the stairs. He is an awful pest at times. He said he knew where it was, but I'd have to find it for myself. I couldn't control myself any longer, and I let off steam by pounding him on the chest. Just at this crucial moment my mother interrupted by handing me my umbrella, which she had found under my books on my desk. She added that I'd better hurry. I did. I decided it must be late because there was nobody on the street. By the time I arrived at school, after having run all the way, my hair looked like a dry mop, and I was puffing away like a steam-engine. I rushed up the stairs to my locker. Every thing was as dead as a tomb. Not that I have ever been in one, but I don't see how a tomb could be noisy. I looked through the window of a classroom. Nobody there! I looked into another one. No-

body there either. Then I thought perhaps we slept for a few days and it was Saturday. Maybe everybody except me had come down with the measles. I have already had them three times; so I didn't see how I could get them again. Finally deciding I must be too early, I looked at the clock in one of the classrooms, seven-thirty! I felt like passing through the floor. But instead I sat down on the top step and waited for someone to come. It broke my heart to think of all the things I could have done in that hour. How I would have enjoyed an extra hour's sleep. My reverie was broken by someone whistling in the hall. With a bucket in one hand and a mop in the other, the janitor approached me. When he enquired what I was doing, I told him I was waiting for school to begin. The janitor looked puzzled, but he said nothing further and began walking away rather hurriedly, I thought; but maybe it was my imagination.

After sitting on the steps for hours—at least it seemed that long, the corridors began to fill with students. Suddenly, just as I heard the five-minute bell, I remembered, "My French homework isn't done." Needless to say, I worked feverishly until nine o'clock.

Anne Axelrod 12B

War Memorials

When I hear these words, "war memorial", there comes to my mind my first unforgettable view of the National War Memorial in the capital of our dominion, Ottawa. Spot-lighted, it stood out, symbolic, in the darkness of the sleeping city. It has only recently been completed, and in it each rank of the services is represented by a bronze figure — full of life, eager to see what lies ahead. It stands, tall, alone, in the heart of that busy city, a constant reminder to people going to work, to members of parliament going to session, to the numerous sightseers who visit the capital yearly.

We also think of the simple, but striking memorial to the Canadian troops at Vimy Ridge in France.

Is this the type of memorial we want, to do honour to those Canadians who died in the Second World War?

Some people feel that our war memorials

should not only honour the dead, but also be of value to the living. For our own school has been suggested a swimming pool. Let us think of those whom we are remembering; would not they prefer that we honour them in such a way? Would not they have enjoyed a swimming pool? Many of the boys who have not returned are the athletes of former years in our collegiate.

For many smaller towns, a community hall has been suggested with facilities for sports, moving pictures and community gatherings. Because of those who died, perhaps we shall have the things they missed when they left to go to war—so young, so ambitious.

Many people feel that in the use of these memorials we would forget the purpose for which they have been built. A monument of stone or bronze would remain a sacred remembrance. I feel that such a memorial would mean little to many people. But have we not already enough of these memorials to the dead of other wars? Let us forget the grimness of war, and strive for a profitable and lasting peace.

Whatever form we decide that our war memorials should take, let us not forget those boys and girls who gave their lives for us, that we might have freedom and peace.

—Kathryn Hansuld, 13A—

Tomorrow

Helicopters, aeroplanes,
Television, great new trains,
Trips across the ocean wide,
To spend a day on the other side.

The globe seems to be shrinking,
And Nations together are linking;
India, China, Russia, Brazil,,
All seem to be just over the hill.

With sulfa drugs and penicillin,
No chance to die even if you're willin';
Solar houses, made of glass,
Keep you warm without any gas.

Fire, decay, and termite proof,
With shifting walls and a glass roof;
Bought in sections and made of plastic,
Your home will be most fantastic.

Automatic phones and an atomic car,
Ought to make life easier by far;
Even Superman did never dream
Of such a life of ease supreme.

Then there is the little things,
Some day we all may live like kings;
Perhaps we'll have self-winding clocks
And even dehydrated apricots.

And static-free the radio,
Will yodel forth "O lady-o!"
You'll hear a play with television,
Starring your favourite, Miss Stella Vision.

If we live to see all of this,
Life will be happy and full of bliss;
Just one thing wrong and that isn't funny,
Where in the world will we get enough
money?

Dorothy Anderson 11B

Three Wishes

I had just finished reading a story of long ago, abounding in princes, spirits, gods, and magical powers. As I laid the book down, I thought to myself, "Suppose I, like the characters in this book, had my choice of three wishes. What would they be?"

At first, only one thought entered my mind. As I sat back with half closed eyes, I pictured the house I should like to have some day. It was very old and of grey stone. It was low and rambling, and not too large. There were numerous diamond-paned windows, which sparkled in the sunlight. Surrounding the house was a garden with masses of old-fashioned flowers growing rather wildly and haphazardly. Scattered throughout the garden were many old trees, and the weather-beaten walls of the house were partly covered with moss and ivy. Behind the house was a small stream which ran into a huge woods beside the house. Over the stream was a small arched bridge, over which I could cross into the rolling green fields beyond. I could see myself standing in the garden surrounded by beauty, the silence broken by the faint babbling of the stream, the rustling of the leaves in the breeze, and the sweet music of the choirs of birds in the woods. The inside of the house had a very comfortable and restful appearance. The furnishings were simple and quiet, and yet, not drab, but really very

beautiful. Throughout the house numerous bowls of flowers were placed invitingly.

As this vision faded away, I knew what my second wish would be. I should like to go to Vienna. All my life I have imagined Vienna as a gay and beautiful place, the home of, in my opinion, the most beautiful and haunting music ever written. I should hate to see the war torn Vienna of today. Therefore I should postpone this trip for some time. I realize that even when the city is repaired, I may be bitterly disappointed. However, I can at least imagine Vienna as it was many years ago, with the carefree throngs of people and the gay music.

For my third wish, I pray that I may choose the right life work. By this I do not mean one that will make me famous or wealthy. Perhaps I am not ambitious, but I do not think I should like to be either famous or very wealthy. Rather, I mean a vocation that will interest me, and, if possible, help someone else in some way, however small.

Someday, if I am lucky, I may attain some or all of these wishes. Meanwhile, I can keep on wishing.

Doris Matheson, 13B

Men Of The Air

Into the planes climb those red-blooded men,
Eager to get on their way,
Waiting to drop their load of death,
And finish their job for the day.

Into the air zoom those ships of might,
Just clearing the trees as they rise,
Knowing that they may never come back—
Those brave men of the skies.

Then comes the long and steady climb,
The ride is rough and trying,
But each man knows what is yet to come,
That this is no time for retiring.

Then, "Over target!" comes the report;
"Bombadier, ready!" that's the reply.
Three bombays open as the plane roars on;
Then each and every man rakes the sky.

"Bombs away!"—such deadly words!
Then shouts of joy and fear
But all the while the pilots think
Of those back home so dear.

Bev Harrington, 11A



W.C.I. SOUND CREW

B. McDonald, B. Harrington, D. Kitching, R. Ackman

The Trials of Homework

Last night when doing my homework,
My head began to sink.
I jerked it up quite suddenly
And tried again to think.

I thought and thought until it hurt,
But still my fingers stayed
As motionless as they could be;
No sign on paper made.

I do not know where all those thoughts
Could ever, ever, go.
But it wasn't in my homework.
That's one sure thing I know.

How the wind aswirling
Round this house so cold,
Sitting by the fireside,
Makes one feel so old.

Of course I'm not that ancient,
But, sitting up all night,
Doing page on page of homework
Doesn't seem quite right.

Glennie Green 13A

McMASTER UNIVERSITY

Hamilton, Ontario

Students in High Schools and Collegiates to-day realize that entrance into University during the next two or three years is a privilege to be granted only to those whose present achievements give promise of continued application to the pursuit of knowledge. It is therefore to be expected that the usual keen competition for the valuable entrance scholarships to McMaster will be keener than ever this year.

PLAN

WORK

APPLY

for one of the

TWELVE ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS

Six each of \$700.00 value

Six each of \$650.00 value

The Next Residents At The Rideau Hall

In the near future, the term of office of our present Governor General, the Earl of Athlone, will expire and he, with Princess Alice, will return to England. This spring, the newly appointed Field Marshal, Sir Harold Alexander, and Lady Margaret, with their children, will take up residence at Rideau Hall, Ottawa.

Sir Harold is well known to many Canadian soldiers who served under his command in Sicily and Italy. This quiet little Irishman did more than any other Allied Commander to lay foundations for victory. He was by far the least publicized great commander in the war, and he was the only one who did not make a triumphal tour of his or any other liberated country. A British officer who took part in the evacuation of Dunkirk said that the miracle of Dunkirk started when Alex took command of the forces. Bringing calm and order to those around him, he was the last man to leave the beaches.

Alexander, as a youth, was an average boy. He was small and not very handsome. Although he was never brilliant in his studies, he excelled in sports. After graduating from Sandhurst he joined the Irish Guards. At the age of twenty-five he became a major and at twenty-six was given the rank of Lieutenant Colonel. In his last war he was noticed only by those who served under him. He is a man of few words, and considers fair play a religion.

Lady Margaret leads a very busy life. Leaving about ten minutes after eight each morning, she drives into London. There she assists in the offices of the Women's Voluntary Service, arriving home about six-thirty at night.

Since the Alexanders were married in 1931 they have led a varied life. They spent four years in India, and then returned to England and lived at Aldershot. There they had a large house with ten maids and did considerable entertaining. In 1940, they moved to "The Vale" in Windsor, Great Forest. Since then the general manager of the household has been Miss May Turner

who has kept the house in order as she says. She is anxious to come to Canada as she has a sister living in London, Ontario.

There are three children in the Alexander family. Rose Maureen is small for twelve years, dark and has her mother's charm. She is studious, has never played with dolls, but is very fond of books. Shane is nine, thin, dark and has a shy quiet manner. He attended boys' school at Cothill and is only home during vacations. Brian, their youngest, is just six; he is small, fair and much like his father. His kiddish pranks keep the home in a bedlam most of the time. To add to this the children have a huge English sheep-dog which feels very much at home wherever the children are. It was a happy moment for the family when they learned that Tersa, the sheep-dog, could come to Canada too.

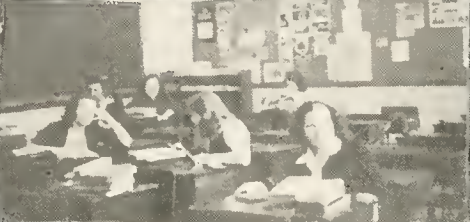
The Alexander children all have sports, and on their lawn are gym bars, swings, and teeter totters. Rose has a pony and dogcart with which the children sometimes drive off to do the shopping. The whole family is looking forward to the outdoor life of Canada. The children all want to learn to skate, while the Field Marshal and Lady Margaret are expecting to resume their painting expeditions.

After living simply during the war Lady Margaret admits that living in Rideau Hall and attending Opening of Parliament will be very different. Their biggest problem in moving to Canada is collecting a staff. Official notice has been sent from Ottawa that they are to bring four footmen, four housemaids, four chauffeurs and two cooks.

We are told we shall all love the Alexanders. Their home is a very happy one. Everyone will agree that Rideau Hall is going to be a changed place for the next five years with their rollicking children making their mansion a home.

* * *

On his wife's birthday, a Scotch soldier sent his wife a cheque for a million kisses. The wife, a little annoyed by her husband's excessive thrift, sent back a post-card: "Dear Mack-Tavish, Thanks for the perfectly lovely birthday cheque. The milkman cashed it for me this morning."



Commencement 1945

Friday Evening, November 23, the auditorium was again crowded for our annual commencement. We were honoured by having on the platform, along with the Board of Education, Mr. W. J. Salter, B.A., Principal of St. Catharines Collegiate and Vocational School, Mr. E. A. Miller, M.A., Principal of London Central School, Mr. W. S. Turner, B.A., Principal of Brantford Collegiate, Mr. W. L. Zeigler, M.A., Principal of Kitchener, Waterloo Collegiate and Vocational School, Mrs. L. C. Wood, and T. R. Dent, M.L.A.

The program, conducted by Col. H. N. Ubelacker, Chairman of the Board, opened with the singing of "O Canada," followed by the Invocation, given by Rev. John Morris. Proficiency prizes were awarded by A. C. Whaley, Dr. R. L. Treleaven, Mr. H. J. Salter, B.A. and Mr. E. A. Miller, M.A. We were especially proud of the many scholarships won by students of our school. The scholarships were presented by Mrs. L. C. Wood, T. R. Dent, M.L.A., W. S. Turner, B.A., and W. L. Zeigler, M.A.

A very lovely musical program, consisting of a cornet solo by Bob Yohn, a violin solo by Henry A. Clark, and a vocal solo by Joyce Flack, was greatly enjoyed by the audience. The Glee Club, under the direction of Miss Kellerman, also did their part extremely well.

The highlight of the evening was the valedictory address given by Carl Parker. He stated, "We stand on the threshold of the atomic age, with all its endless possibilities and wealth of new opportunities. We have been provided with all the mental training of a modern education for the problems that lie ahead; let us proceed with the task."

Of special interest to the students were the pictures of the school year, with Miss Johnston acting as commentator. The pictures included shots of the rugby team in action, and also pictures of field day which were in colour.

The program closed with a most amusing play, "A Ghostly Evening," directed by Miss Cropp. The cast included Margaret Tatham, Nita Greenly, Glennie Green, Jim Keith, Helen Rapson, Don Corman, Bob

Scott, and Doreen Nash.

Following the National Anthem, the prize winners, their parents, and those taking part in the program, were served refreshments, while the students hastened to the gymnasium for the dancing.

Memorial Service

November 9th, 1945

The annual Memorial Service was held in the Collegiate Auditorium Friday, November 9. While selections were played by the school orchestra, the students quietly assembled. There were numerous guests seated on the platform.

The service opened with the singing of "Abide With Me". Reverend John Morris read the scripture lesson, and Reverend D. Gaynor led the school in prayer. Mrs. Chapman, accompanied by Mrs. C. Bartley, sang "Ring Out Sweet Bells of Peace." The school was then addressed by Hon. D. M. Sutherland, discussing the "paramount topic in the world today"—peace. Dr. Sutherland stated that there is only one solution for world problems, found in a remark made by the late Reverend Dr. McMullen, former pastor of Knox Church, Woodstock: "In essentials unity, in non-essentials liberty, and in all things charity."

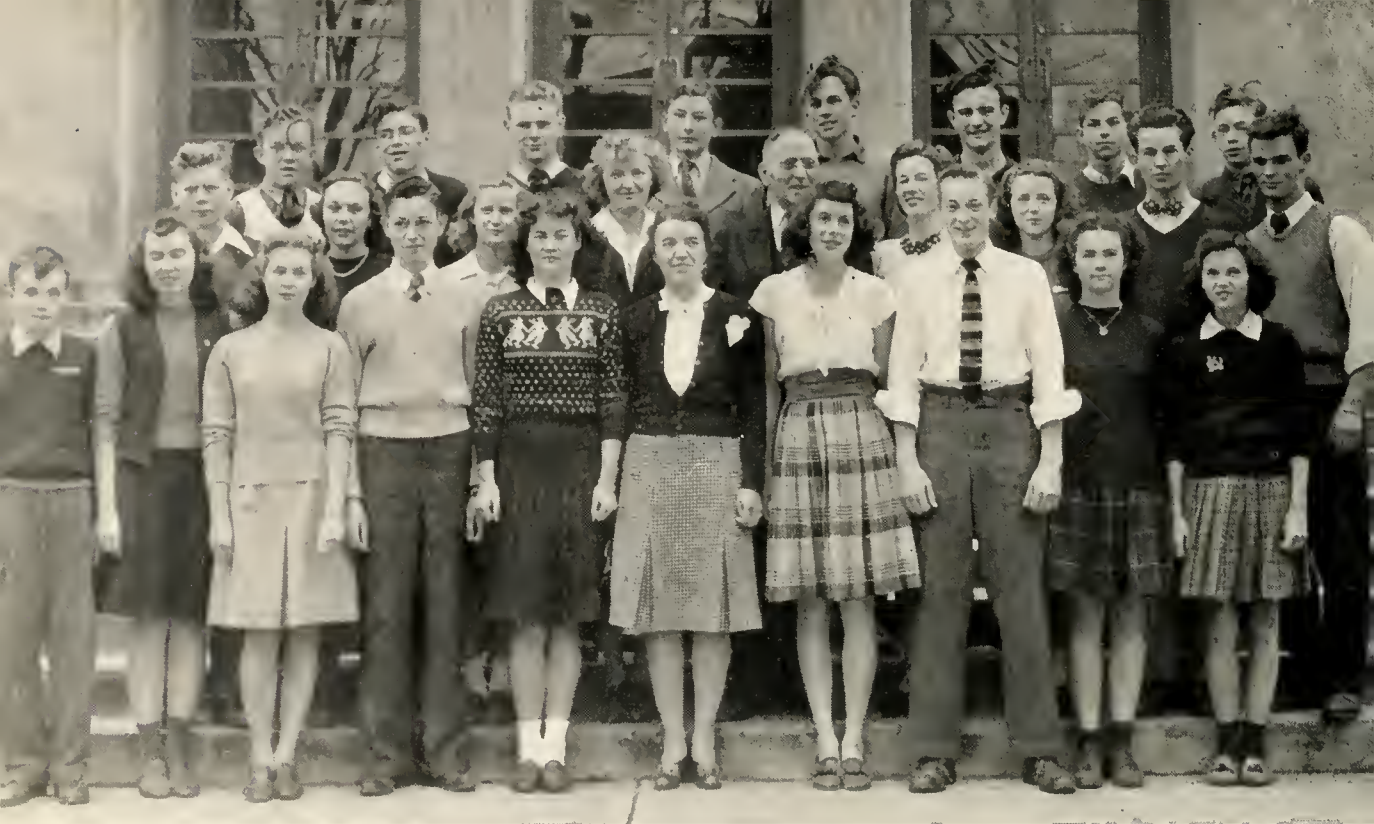
Following the National Anthem, the names on the War Memorial Tablet 1914-18 were read by A. C. Whaley, and the names of past students killed in present war by Col. H. N. Ubelacker, Chairman of the Board of Education. This was followed by a General Silence, broken by the sounding of the Last Post by Buglers John Searls, James Kostis, and Arthur Bond.

The assembly then left the auditorium led by flag bearers Spr. Neal Gloin and Pte. Howard McIntosh, followed by the flower-girls, Doreen Nash and Helen Doig, Staff, Guests and Students. The war memorial tablet was decorated by the flower girls, followed by the Reveille sounded by the buglers. The service closed with the benediction pronounced by Rev. John Morris.

* * *

I like a man who grins when he fights.

Winston Churchill.



LITERARY SOCIETY

Back Row: D. Taylor, R. Robinson, W. Lumsden, J. Birtch, D. Compbell, R. Geoghegan, J. Coles, J. Wilson.
Middle Row: C. Tomlinson, J. Brodnom, D. Crowford, Miss Dent, Mr. Hodgins, Miss Lindsay, A. Butt, J. Carnwath, R. Douglos.
Front Row: E. Pennington, J. Polmer, M. Porter, J. Mighton, M. Von Tilborg, Miss Cropp, H. Doig, R. Kelly, I. Moson, M. Grahom.

Literary Society

On Oct. 22, the Nomination Meeting of the Literary Society was held in the auditorium. Electors chose this executive on the following Tuesday.

President	-	Russell Kelly
Vice-President	-	Marg Van Tilborg
Secretary	-	Helen Doig
Treasurer	-	Jim Mighton

The first meeting of the Literary Society was held on November 29. It was called to order by the Past President Carl Parker with the singing of "O Canada" which was followed by the reading of the minutes of the last meeting by the retiring secretary Gloria Eliot. The meeting was then turned over to the new president Russell Kelly who thanked his electors and appealed for the students' co-operation during the year.

Two delightful piano solos, "Warsaw Concerto" and "Deep Purple", were rendered by Jean Palmer.

A group of students, under the direction of Miss Shambleau, B.A., presented an interesting comedy, "Sugar and Spice." The cast was as follows:

Mrs. Jones	-	Eva Jackson 12C
Mr. Jones	-	Douglas Batchelor 12C
Janie Jones	-	Marion Hutcheson 12C
Chump Edwards	-	Bill Parkes 13B
Suzanne	-	Marian Porter 12C

Ballad Of The Lunch Room

We rush upstairs to stand in line,
 We've done it day by day.
 We look to see on what we dine,
 Then stand in turn with tray.

To see the soup in bowl, ah sob,
 To see corn and potatoes, joy.
 To drink burnt cocoa, what a job,
 But hot dogs, well, Oh boy!

Margaret Tatham 12B



JUNIOR RED CROSS

Back Row: B. Pargeter, M. Hancock, J. Karotuz, J. McGinnis, S. Paxton, D. Kitching, G. Jackson, B. Taylor.

Middle Row: R. Henault, M. Wilson, P. Hall, E. Romp, G. Harwood, M. Cliff, S. Desmond, J. Wilkes, A. Carnwath, B. Ross

Front Row: P. McLoughlin, H. Bodie, N. Greenly, Miss Johnston, H. Rapson, G. Green, M. Johnston, E. Wilson.

Junior Red Cross

The organization meeting of the Jr. Red Cross was held in Miss Johnston's room. The following executive was elected:

Honorary President	-	Mr. Hodgins
President	-	Nita Greenly 13B
Vice-President	-	Glennie Green 13A
Secretary	-	Helen Bodie 12C
Honorary Treasurer	-	Mr. Ferguson
Treasurer	-	Helen Rapson C Sp.

The first activity of the year sponsored by the Red Cross was a Tea Dance from four to six in the gymnasium after Field Day Events on October 6.

A basket collection was again carried on. Although not so successful as last year, it was very profitable. Upholding their previous record 9B again collected the most baskets.

On October 23, thirty girls from the school braved cold winds to sell tags at the

Oxford County Plowing Match. The Jr. Red Cross received 33% of the proceeds which amounted to \$40. Good work, girls!

One of the most successful methods of raising money is that of checking coats at functions in the school. It is difficult to realize the amount of time sacrificed by Miss Johnston and her girls. Functions at which the girls checked included Community Concerts, the Rotary Dance, Oxford Jr. Farmers' "At Home", the W.C.I. "At Home" and the Nurses' Dance.

At several of these dances, soft drink booths were looked after by the boys in the school.

Since baskets were very scarce this year the Oxford Fruit Co-operative asked the Red Cross to collect more baskets if possible. A general plea was sent out and a few more baskets were brought in.

Last year over \$350 was raised by the Jr. Red Cross. It is hoped that this may even be exceeded this year.



GIRLS' CLUB

Back Row: R. Prause, E. King, D. Tervit, M. Powell, J. Waring, Y. Clayton.

Middle Row: D. Taylor, M. Allan, P. Treleaven, M. Porter, L. Deline, M. King, B. Swartz, M. Bond.

Front Row: H. Guthrie, M. Poste, A. Carnwath, D. Nash, Miss Bray, S. Desmond, D. Brewster, M. Honson, J. Ferguson.

Girls' Club

At the annual meeting of the Girls' Club, of which Miss Bray is the advisor, on September 17, 1945, the following officers were elected:

Honorary President	-	Mrs. Hodgins
Honorary Member	-	Miss M. A. Robinson
President	-	Doreen Nash
Vice-President	-	Anne Carnwath
Secretary	-	Pat Brewster
Treasurer	-	Shirley Desmond

The club had their annual party on September 26, 1945. The girls played games and danced and chocolate milk was provided for all.

The big and little sister system was dropped in 1943 and has not been adopted since.

In return for the good time given our rugby team in Simcoe, the Girls' Club served

chocolate milk and doughnuts to the team after the return game here.

Girls' Club representatives again took orders for our red and white Christmas cards. These were particularly nice this year as they had an engraved drawing of the School opposite the verse. This was done by Mr. Bert Ashby and greatly added to the cards. One thousand cards were sold, the returns of which pleased the treasurer very much.

Orchestra

Of special note concerning this year's orchestra under the direction of Miss Kellerman is the fact that the first row of seats in the auditorium had to be removed to make room for the increased number of players.

Regular practices are held on Tuesday at noon. The orchestra is always on hand at Assemblies and Literary meetings. Members



THE ORCHESTRA

Back Row: K. Karn, W. Schell, T. Martin, H. McTaggart, R. Gilbert, L. Branch, J. Cales, J. Gardan, R. Martin.

Middle Row: W. Bickell, M. Schalz, H. Greenly, J. Korotusz, M. Van Tilbarg, Miss Kellerman, D. Ritchie, E. Thompson, H. Paul, M. Logan.

Front Row: G. Stevenson, M. Gasparatta, W. Karn, G. Hindle, G. Karn, T. Lacke, C. Hortley, B. Rass, H. Schneider, E. Clark, R. Palmer.

of the orchestra often entertain at Assemblies as soloists as well. We are looking forward to the time when they will be able to play for our school dances.

Crests were presented to members of the orchestra by Mr. Hiltz on November 21. Those who had served two years received a crest and those of longer service additional gold bars for each year.

Glee Club

During the last three years the Collegiate choir has grown considerably. Under the able leadership of Miss Kellerman, B.A., operettas have been presented the last two years.

The executives for this year are:

Pres.	-	John Brown
Sec.	-	Marian Bond
Treas.	-	Ruth Hildred
Pianist	-	Ruth Bowyer

The first appearance of the Glee Club this year was to sing three well prepared and beautifully rendered songs at Com-

mencement. These included: Czechoslovakian Dance Song—Charles Manney, Riff Song—Sigmund Romberg, Hymn of Youth—David Sequeira (arranged by Fred Waring).

Crests were presented to the Glee Club at the November 21 Assembly by Mr. Hiltz. The crests were awarded to those who had belonged to the Glee Club for at least two years. A gold diamond was added to the crests for each additional year.

The "Pirates Of Penzance"

Under the able direction of Miss Ellen Kellerman, B.A., and the stage direction of Mr. Carl Kitching, M.A., the Collegiate Choir presented their third operetta, the "Pirates of Penzance" by Gilbert and Sullivan, on February 28 and March 1 in the auditorium. The accompaniment was exceptionally well done by Ruth Bowyer.

The cast was as follows:

Major-General Stanley	-	John Brown
The Pirate King	-	George Lucy
Samuel (his lieutenant)	-	Harold Potter



ORACLE REPRESENTATIVES

Back Row: H. Ede, J. Ennis, D. Ritchie, J. Rass, J. McKeawn.

Middle Row: B. Cunningham, A. Smith, D. Bowman, L. Scatt, A. Kays, E. Tatham, J. Gatland, D. Keith.

Front Row: W. Scatt, M. McAlpine, R. Bawyer, H. Dewan, S. White, D. Kastis, R. Martin.

Frederick (the Pirate Apprentice) -
Sergeant of Police -
General Stanley's Daughters:

Mabel	-	Ruth Patton
Edith	-	Glennie Green
Kate	-	Margaret Van Tilborg
Isabel	-	Grace Ritchie

Ruth (a Pirate maid-of-all-work) - Joyce Flack
Colourful as the life of one of the Famous Pirates of Penzance on the rocky coast of Cornwall may be, Frederick's "sense of duty" will not allow him to continue a vocation for which he was not intended once his apprenticeship expires. Nor does he regret this decision when a bevy of beautiful maidens (and one in particular) chance to find the pirates' lair. For their father, Major-General Stanley would never allow them to marry pirates! Indeed, the General's own life is

in danger, as he planned to exterminate the pirate band. However he retreats on the plea that he is an orphan—a plea which no pirate can resist.

Sharp are the twinges of his conscience as he broods upon this horrible lie. When Frederick again becomes a Pirate (it is due to a previous error that he had left the band) he feels it is his duty to inform the Pirates of the General's lie. General Stanley's life is in danger. However, Ruth, the Pirate maid-of-all-work saves the situation with the dramatic revelation—the pirates are all noblemen "gone wrong". Prospects of future happiness are rosy as pirates and maids join in a gay and rollicking finale.

* * *

You're sure you're right? How fine and strong! But were you ever just as sure — and wrong?



THE STUDENT EXECUTIVE

Back Row: C. Childs, D. Ritchie, T. Walker.

Middle Row: Miss Dent, E. Lewis, G. Elliott, D. Nash, N. Greenly, Miss Balls, Mr. Cordick.

Front Row: A. Carnwath, Mr. Blair, A. Coles, M. Van Tilborg, R. Kelly, G. Green.

Student Executive

The Student Executive, although a new organization in the school is quite active. It consists of four teachers, Miss Balls, Miss Dent, Mr. Blair and Mr. Cordick, and the president and vice-president of each organization.

The officers for this year are:

President	—	Margaret Van Tilborg
Vice-President	—	Russell Kelly
Secretary	—	Alva Coles
Treasurer	—	Mr. Blair

The Commencement Dance which was quite successful was under their supervision.

There was a large crowd and we think everyone enjoyed dancing to records secured by Russ Kelly and transmitted from the Control Room.

— During the war identification disks were presented by the Student Executive to the boys who enlisted. Now they are busy discussing plans for a war memorial in the school.

The Collegiate "At Home" was also in charge of the Student Executive. It has been suggested by the Executive that school "letters" be awarded to students of outstanding merit in all fields in the school. It is believed that a point system will be drawn up for this. Perhaps this will already be in effect when you receive your Oracle.

I. S. C. F.

"For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." Matthew 18:20.

In line with the present day trend towards religious knowledge in schools, a new organization has been started in our school since the beginning of 1946—the Inter-School



Christian Fellowship. The officers are Margaret Tatham, president; John Birtch, vice-president; Doreen Nash, secretary-treasurer; Anne Carnwath and Don Corman, social committee and Lorne Heaslip, publicity. The I.S.C.F. group meets Wednesday noon at 12:30 to study and discuss the Bible. Able leadership is being given to the group by Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Gillott.

Sadie Hawkins Dance

A large number of students, ex-students and friends attended this annual event which was sponsored by the Girls Athletic Society. With the girls doing the honours for the evening, many novel corsages were seen. Prizes for the unique arrangements went to Bill Hazelton whose corsage was made by Clara Eltom and to Leslie Quant, sporting one made by Joan Smith.

Mrs. Hodgins and Mr. Hilts, closely followed by Mrs. Hilts and Mr. Turner led the grand march. An elimination dance was won by Doreen Nash and John Fox. There were also numerous spot dances.

Decorations, under the convenorship of Joanne Callan consisted of orange and green

streamers, cornstalks, and portraits of L'il Abner, Daisy Mae and Mammy Yokum done by Helen Dewan.

General convenor of the dance was Anne Carnwath with Miss Stock the staff supervisor.

The "At Home"

Swirling, swaying, round they go,
On that crowded floor;
Everyone enjoying himself
While more come in the door.

We think we were quite fortunate
In getting this good band.
We like their music, tho' they're not
The best band in the land.

The Whaleys and the Hodgins
Shake your hand as you come in;
Van T. and Russell Kelly
Will greet you with a grin.

There's a man here taking pictures
For this magazine you read.
Perhaps you'll recognize yourself
Foll'wing your partner's lead.

We hope you all enjoy yourselves;
We think it should be fun.
Let's give three cheers for the executive
Who helped to have this done.

Do you like our decorations?
Lots of work they seem to be.
But those streamers are effective,
On this point you must agree.

Should you be getting hungry
About this time of night,
I'm sure there's food in third floor hall;
What a welcome sight!

Glennie Green, 13A

* * *

Ken King: "It's terribly warm. Do you mind if I sit down?"

Mac King: "Does the hot air bother you?"

Ken: "No. Go right on talking."



The "At Home"

With the traditional red and white streamers effectively decorating the collegiate gymnasium and an even larger crowd than usual, the Collegiate "At Home" was again a very enjoyable affair. Music for the dancers was supplied by Bob Wybrow's orchestra.

Those who received the guests included Principal and Mrs. E. P. Hodgins, Mr. A. C. Whaley, chairman of the Board of Education and Mrs. Whaley, Margaret Van Tilborg and Russell Kelly, president and vice-president of the Student Executive which sponsored the dance.

The event was well attended by students, ex-students and friends. Prizes for special spot dances went to Miss Florence McIntosh and Wes Heaslip, Miss Rita Amos and Bill Bowes, Miss Eleanor Bowman and

George Meadows.

Principal and Mrs. Hodgins led the parade following the grand march to the third floor where refreshments were served. Mrs. S. R. Blair and Mrs. J. Morris poured tea and coffee for the guests. The tables were attractively centred with white mums and red candles.

Committees for the dance were as follows:

Finance: Mr. L. M. Cordick, Charlie Childs, Ted Walker.

Refreshments: Miss A. Dales, Miss D. Balls, Miss B. Dent, Glennie Green, Nita Greenly.

Decorations: Miss M. Stock, E. A. Berry, Gloria Elliott, Alva Coles.

Invitations: Miss M. Bray, E. Ferguson, Doreen Nash, Anne Carnwath.

Program: S. R. Blair, Margaret Van Tilborg, Russell Kelly, Dave Ritchie, Marian Bond.



GIRLS' ATHLETIC SOCIETY

Within a week from the beginning of the school term, the Girls' Athletic Society was formed, under the able supervision of Miss Mary Stock, B.A. Alva Coles was elected president, Gloria Elliott, vice-president, Marg Moss, secretary, and Marguerite Holdsworth, as treasurer. Immediately plans were made for Field Day, and the society has been doing an efficient job ever since.

Girls' Events On Field Day

There were two record-breakers in the girls' events on Field Day, October 3, 1945. Leonore Elliott broke her own record of last year in the softball throw. She threw the ball 139 ft., a few more feet than 124 ft. 10 in. Then Marguerite Showers also added feet to the record in the hop-step and jump. She jumped 28 ft. 6 in., breaking Alva Coles' record of 26 ft. 11 in. in 1942.

Elaine Sutherland and Alva Coles tied for the position of Senior Champion with Gloria Elliott runner-up, while Lorraine Kerr was Junior Champion, with Leonore Elliott as runner-up.

Ruth Baird's team captured first place among the ten teams. The different games proved to be the highlight of the day. Every one took part in them with much enthusiasm and husky yelling.



FIELD DAY CHAMPS

E. Sutherland, A. Coles, G. Elliott, L. Elliott, L. Kerr

Basket Ball

Since the middle of October, there has been basket ball practice once a week for the senior girls. Then fourteen girls were listed to play W.O.S.S.A. basketball. These fourteen are trying their best to do honour for the W.C.I., however, the primary results have not been in favour.

Y vs. Woodstock (12-10)

The first game was played in the "Y Gym." It was a bit rough, both teams contributing towards it, however. W.C.I. shooting was very wild. The guards, a little more steady, didn't stick close enough to their forwards, (axiom—the results.)

Stratford vs. Woodstock (17-9)

Strange as it may seem, the W.C.I. team felt they made a better showing on the Stratford floor than back on the Y. The guards did a good job, summited by Gloria Elliott. Marg. Moss and Marg. Van Tilborg, Alva Coles also made a good showing. The W.C.I. was still undaunted after this game.

Simcoe vs. Woodstock (4-14)

This game was played in the Woodstock gymnasium on Tuesday, January 29. At last the girls won a game. It was not a fast game and the playing was a bit rough, although few penalties were handed out. Alva Coles made the most spectacular showing among the forwards, although Marg. Van Tilborg, Helen Bodie and Dot Kostis held their own. The results of this game raised the determination of the team, to keep on trying.

London vs. Woodstock (38-10)

London girls did a very good job of trimming the Woodstock girls, at Woodstock on Feb. 5. It was a fast and exciting game. Margaret Van Tilborg did most of the sinking of baskets for Woodstock, while Marg Moss also aided. Gloria Elliott did some neat guarding and played a fast game. The Woodstock girls really picked up in the last quarter, as London scored only two more baskets than they, in that quarter. So the girls have decided to show their "ginger" in the first quarter and throughout the return game to be held in London Feb. 28.



GIRLS' ATHLETIC SOCIETY

Back Row: L. Elliott, R. McLeod, M. Bickell, F. Denney, S. Finley, J. Collan.

Middle Row: P. Kennedy, B. Poole, P. Wilson, H. Ropson, J. Otto, O. Pearce, J. Mallen, A. Carnwath.

Front Row: D. Armstrong, M. Moss, A. Coles, Miss Stock, G. Elliott, M. Holdsworth, B. Teor.

Personnel—Girls' Basketball

Gloria Elliott—(Captain)—Guard—Gloria is the most steady player on the team; her height is a great asset. She plays with great ease, and is doing a lovely job of being captain.

Margaret Tatham—Guard—Marg is a fast player, and usually manages to keep her forward covered. She is a clean player (according to Miss Stock).

Helen Bodie—Forward—Helen is a tricky little player, and should be watched. She rarely comes out of a scramble without the ball.

Dorothy Kostis—Forward—"Dot" is a pretty fair shot, but often takes an unnecessary bounce before shooting. She is a neat little player.

Pat Wilson—Guard—Although Pat is only in Grade 11, she is a first rate player. Pat is a strong guard.

Ruth Scott—Forward—"Scotty" is a fast player, and shows much promise. She should be careful with her shots.

Nita Greenly—Forward—Guard—Nita is one of those who can play both guard and forward well—nice going! She is also a valued member of the team for keeping the rest in good spirits.

Isabelle McKay—Forward—"Izzy" is a good one to be on the spot when needed. She is a conscientious player.

Pat Treleaven—Guard—Pat is an energetic guard, who is doing a beautiful job. She works well with the rest.

Helen Doig—Guard—Helen is a promising player, and makes good use of her height.



W.C.I. GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Miss M. Stock, G. Elliott, P. Treleaven, H. Doig, R. Scott, M. Totham, M. Van Tilborg, N. Greenly, P. Wilson, M. Moss, I. McKoy, D. Kostis, H. Bodie, M. Holdsworth.

Absent: A. Coles.

Marguerite Holdsworth—Guard—Marg is a small but fast little guard. She seems to be like a streak of lightning. Don't shock us, but keep it up.

Margaret Van Tilborg—(Star)—Forward — "Van T." is a neat and fast player, with a good aim. She is the team's main hope in sinking free-shots.

Alva Coles—Forward—Like "Van T." is good for baskets, but Alva often takes freak shots (we don't mind though, if they go in). Alva is a good player.

Margaret Moss—Forward—Marg is swift and light and very polite on the floor. She works hard to get that ball down to Woodstock's end.

Miss Stock—"Forwarder"—Miss Stock is the inspiration of the whole team, and much appreciation goes to her.

"Percy"—Mascot—"Percy" has been named Percival for perseverance, but you know why we call him "Percy". He is a little "lamb" who, like a big wolf, gets his share of kisses.

W.C.I. Girl Cadets

The Captain of the Girls' Company, was June Harrington. The Lieutenants were, Glennie Green, Helen Rapson, Georgina Danos, Margaret Tatham, Mary Underhill, Margaret Van Tilborg, Jean Palmer and Jeannette Wadland.

Sergeant Major "Peg" Dewan, had a fine group of sergeants. The winning platoon was under the command of Georgina Danos. Bill Dutton was the very capable instructor of the Company.



BOYS' ATHLETIC SOCIETY

Back Row: J. Pelletier, D. Hancock, J. Cranin, B. Scatt, G. Graybiel, M. McIver, T. Smith.

Middle Row: M. McTaggart, R. Bowman, M. Gasparatta, Mr. Berry, D. Pearce, N. Fletcher, F. Downing, H. Clynick.

Front Row: W. Parkes, D. Harper, C. Childs, T. Walker, N. Yohn, R. Beatty, J. Lefler.

Boys' Athletic Society



FIELD DAY CHAMPS

T. Walker, T. Morden, D. Taylor

A meeting was held in September for the annual election of the officers of the Boys' Athletic Society. The results of the election were as follows:

Honorary President	-	Mr. Hodgins
President	-	Ted Walker
Vice-President	-	Chas. Childs
Secretary-Treasurer	-	Mr. Berry

Following this election, a form representative was appointed in each form.

* * *

Here's one about a Scotchman who walked into a dairy and asked for a pound of butter wrapped up in to-day's paper.

Field Day

Even though Wednesday, October 3rd, was a very cool day, there was much excitement around the W.C.I. early in the morning, for it was our annual Field Day for 1945. Headed by the Bugle Band, the entire student body lined up form by form, dressed in every conceivable kind of costume. The parade then proceeded to Victoria Park by way of Dundas and Light Streets.

In the park, a huge hollow square was formed and each form gave its own yell followed by a resounding "Kininny" by the whole school. Form 11A, dressed to represent an Arabian harem, was awarded the prize for the best costumes and Form 11C, led by Jimmy Ennis carried off the prize for the most original yell.

Sports Events

The boys of the school battled in sharp competition for the ribbons in individual events. Despite the prevailing cold weather, the day of sports proved very successful, with the following results:

Senior Champion:

Ted Walker of 13B, with a total of 21 points. He was first in three events and second in two events. The runner-up in this class was Russell Kelly of 13A with 15 points.

Intermediate Champion:

Terry Morden of 11A, with a total of 16 points. He placed first in two events and second in two events. Runner-up in the intermediate division was Harold Cameron of 10A with 15 points.

Junior Champion:

Don Taylor of 9F, with a total of 16 points. He was first in two events, second in one, and third in two events. Runners-up in this group were Kenneth Marple of 9E, and Robt. Bowman of 9B, each with 15 points.

The Form Championship Shield was carried off by Form 12A who had 40 points. Form 12B was close behind with 37 points.

W.O.S.S.A. Rugby

Last year, 1945, marked the resumption of W.O.S.S.A. competition, following the close of the war. Woodstock was grouped

with Stratford, and early in the fall, Mr. Berry began to work a team into shape. Many aspiring candidates turned out for practices, by the time the first game rolled around.

Mr. Berry deserves a great deal of credit for the way in which he coached the team into the playdowns. Many of the boys were playing their first year, and because of Mr. Berry's efforts, we are sure that next year will see a very strong team from the W.C.I. contending for W.O.S.S.A. honours.

The personnel of this year's team is as follows
Willard Karn—Snap. This was Willard's first year as snap, and he filled the position very well. He was also a big menace to opposing linemen, but at times, he made some bad snaps.

Robert Young—Right Inside. He used his weight to advantage on the line, both in opening up holes, and in breaking up plays.
Don Allin—Right Middle. Don is a very solid human wall, as many opposing linemen would testify. He injects a fighting spirit to the team and will hardly stay out of the line-up, even for an injury.

Russell Kelly—Right End. Russ is a light but very speedy end. He proved to be a good pass receiver and equally good on breaking up end runs around his side.

Morrison Hoover—Left Inside. "Tuffy" proved to be on the line just as his name indicates. This was his first year in our school and he certainly helped make the left side of the line very solid.

Dave Ritchie—Left Middle. Dave is a very dependable lineman, and he used his weight on the line going both ways.

Chas. Childs—Left End. "Chuck" has always been a good pass receiver and this season was no exception. He was always on the job to break up the opposition's end runs, too, until he had the tough luck to fracture his leg.

Ted Walker (Captain)—Fullback. Ted was the mainspring of the team. He was always wide-awake, and gave his best at all times. Ted had the misfortune to fracture a bone in his wrist at a practice, which put him out of the game for the last half of the season. His powerful right foot was missed very greatly.



W.C.I. RUGBY TEAM

Back Row: R. Smith, Manager, C. Childs, R. Hause, T. Marden, J. Rass, G. Lucy, G. Else, T. Kays, D. Corman, D. Ritchie, R. Lawrence, Trainer, Mr. Berry, Coach.

Middle Row: P. Julian, B. Young, G. Webster, R. Douglas, M. McIver, C. Farbes, W. Zeldon, M. Hoover.

Front Row: T. Battams, R. Kelly, W. Karn, D. Harper, N. Pelton, M. Gasparatta, D. Allin, T. Walker, W. Bier.

Ted Bottoms—Fullback. He stepped into Walker's position and filled it very capably. Ted threw some beautiful passes on many occasions and gave his best every minute he was on the field.

Marco Gasparotto — Quarterback. It was "Gassy's" duty to call the plays and this he did very well. He is truly one of the "Fighting Irish" and he threw his every ounce of energy into the game.

Milton McIver—Flying Wing. He made some lovely runbacks of opposition kicks, and at all times was fast on his feet. "Muck" is a quiet performer but he really bears down when the going is tough.

Terry Morden—Halfback. Terry made some of the nicest runs seen in a long time. He also threw some lovely passes, and he made some real plunges. He was a great threat to the other team, and accounted for a great deal of Woodstock's scoring.

Jack Ross—Halfback: Jack was the best plunger on the team. He would put his head down and charge, and it often caused the other team a lot of trouble to stop him. He gained many first downs with his remarkable running.

Following is a list of the boys who filled in the gaps vacated by tiring regulars. Some of these fellows were on the field quite a bit and accounted for some of Woodstock's

scores. Others, however, patiently waited their turn, but you may be sure, when it came, they gave their best. These are the chaps that needn't take a back seat from anyone: Bob Douglas, Bill Zeldon, Gerald Else, Don Corman, George Lucy, Robt. House, Don Harper, Norman Pelton, Wm. "Chris" Bier, Geo. Webster, Colin Forbes, Pete Julian, John Cronin, and Tom Kays. Bob Smith was manager of the team, and Dick Lawrence was the trainer.

RUGBY GAMES

Exhibition Games

Woodstock 18—Simcoe 0

Woodstock opened the 1945 rugby season by decisively defeating Simcoe in Simcoe on September 21. The team looked very good on their first appearance even though the opposition was not so strong. Walker's passes clicked for the three touchdowns, and the whole team looked as though the "Red Devils" would be very formidable with a little experience.

Woodstock 22—Simcoe 0

Simcoe came to Woodstock for the return game, and the resulting score made them look very bad. However, they played very hard, but our boys had a little too much on the ball. Walker again looked very good with two passes going for major scores. The



line played very well, despite the fact they were repeatedly offside.

Woodstock 27—Ingersoll 0

The Juniors romped to a very easy win over Ingersoll Collegiate for their third straight win. The Ingersoll line took quite a beating from the plungers in the Woodstock backfield, with the result that most of Woodstock's touchdowns came on running plays. Julian, Walker, Gasparotto and Douglas shone for the Woodstock team.

Stratford 3—Woodstock 0

Woodstock opened the W.O.S.S.A. schedule in Stratford and suffered their first defeat of the season. It was a very close game all the way, but fumbles by our boys deep in Stratford territory kept the Woodstock score down. Davey kicked a beautiful placement for Stratford for the only score of the game. For Woodstock, Walker, Pelton and Allin were the stars. At half-time, there was a traditional struggle between supporters of both teams, but the police put a stop to the proceedings.

Woodstock 37—Stratford 1

In the return game at Southside Park,

Woodstock was far the superior team. Bottoms stepped into Walker's position and starred, throwing passes for major scores to Morden and Douglas. Gasparotto also played an excellent game, and in fact, the whole team played an invincible game, making very few fumbles. This was certainly a great reversal to the first game.

Woodstock 21—Stratford 20

This game brought a new star into the lime-light for Woodstock, Terry Morden. Morden was spectacular, making long runs for three of Woodstock's touchdowns and also converting one of them. Woodstock just wouldn't be beaten in this game, coming from far behind to eke out a close victory. The weather was rather damp, but it certainly didn't affect the ardour of the fans. Three chartered buses carried "Red Devil" supporters to the game. Besides Morden, Ross, Bottoms, and Julian stood out in the Woodstock backfield, while Mulford and Davey shone for Stratford.

Woodstock 14—Stratford 13

The final game against Stratford was very important and very keenly contested. Wood-



W.C.I. BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

W. Bier, R. Robinson, T. Wolker, R. Kelly, G. Webster, T. Morden, R. Smith, D. Corman,
J. Cronin, J. Keith, G. Lucy, J. Bell, R. Lawrence, Mr. Berry

stock's victory eliminated Stratford, and enabled our boys to advance in the W.O.S.S.A. playdowns. Star of the local squad was Jack Ross, who bucked and plunged his way to prominence. Childs, Douglas and McIver also figured greatly in the Red Devils' win. The Stratford boys put up a great struggle and certainly made the games this year very entertaining.

Sarnia 7—Woodstock 6

Woodstock was notified to play a sudden-death game in Sarnia, in order to see who would continue in the playdowns against Windsor. So on November 9, a chartered bus carried the high-spirited Red and White

team to the border city. It was a very close, hard-fought game, which was forced into overtime for two periods. A Morden-to-Bottoms pass clicked for Woodstock's major score, and the locals held a decided lead until very late in the game. The "Red Devils" actually had a territorial margin all the way through, but they tired at the end. Sarnia was very lucky to tie the locals, but once they drew even, they certainly commanded the play. Marshall's kicking spelt victory for Sarnia, while for Woodstock Ross, McIver and Kelly led the pace.

Thus ended the 1945 W.O.S.S.A. season for our team, and our heartiest congratulations go to the Red and White team and Mr. Berry for the splendid showing they made.

Basketball

Early in the new year, practices for the Junior W.O.S.S.A. basketball team began and Mr. Berry was faced with the task of moulding some experienced and many inexperienced recruits into a smooth-working combination. Due to the early publication of this magazine, complete results of the Woodstock games are not available. Following is the list of players who appeared in the pre-season game and from whom the regular team can be developed:

T. Morden, J. Cronin, D. Corman, T. Walker, G. Hindle, R. Robinson, R. Kelly, J. Wing, J. Bell, W. Bier, T. Smith, J. Keith, G. Lucy, G. Webster.

Exhibition Game: Woodstock 68—Paris 41

The trio of Corman, Cronin and Morden led Woodstock to an easy win over the Paris Juniors. They accounted for 53 of the local points, with Cronin the individual star.

W.O.S.S.A. Games

Stratford 59—Woodstock 33

Marvellous passing and deception by a strong Stratford squad baffled the local team in the opening W.O.S.S.A. game. Woodstock's attack was never very dangerous, but there is another day coming. Rohfritsch and Reinhart sparked the Stratford attack, while Corman was the local star.

Woodstock 52 Simcoe 31

Woodstock, in their second game, were definitely superior in defeating Simcoe decisively. The boys had good shooting eyes and were hitting the hoop from all angles. The big guns for our team were Cronin with 18 points, Morden with 14 and Corman with 11. Carey with 15 points was outstanding for the losers.

Woodstock 48 Simcoe 34

In the return game in the W.C.I. gymnasium, our W.O.S.S.A. team emerged with its second victory over Simcoe. Woodstock had a slow start, but a very profitable second quarter clinched the game. Don Corman of the local quintet was brilliant with his phenomenal shooting. He accounted for 22 points. Morden and Cronin also played very well, while Hickman was the best for the Simcoe boys.

Hockey

W.O.S.S.A. hockey began again this year and Woodstock was grouped with Brantford Collegiate and Stratford. Mr. Cordick organized the team and has been working very hard to coach these boys into a winning team. There is a sprinkle of talent from the local Junior and Juvenile teams in the school, and a very good team took the ice for the opening game. Following is the personnel of the team: N. Gloin, B. Lumsden, M. Gasparotto, B. Dickson, T. Walker, P. Julian, T. Bottoms, R. Douglas, D. Corman, N. Pelton, D. Allin and B. Parkes.

Woodstock 7—Brantford 7

Our team visited Brantford on Jan. 28, and gave a remarkably good showing. They were superior to Brantford on the offence all the way through the game, and led in the game until midway through the last period. Then Brantford forged ahead 7-6, but with only a few minutes to go, Ted Bottoms tied the game. For Woodstock, Dickson, Gasparotto and Julian were the stars.

Woodstock 9 Brantford 1

In the return game with Brantford at the local arena, Woodstock displayed great power in all departments to defeat the Brantford team. It was a very fast game with both Woodstock lines turning on the speed. The defence was very tight and kept Gloin well protected in goal. Individual stars for the W.C.I. were Bottoms with 4 goals and Douglas with 3 goals.

Woodstock 6 Stratford 4

The W.O.S.S.A. team journeyed to Stratford for their first game with the "Green-and-Reds", and came out on the long end of the score after a close-checking game. Hurley was brilliant in the Stratford net or the score would have been higher. Play was rather slow at the first, but speeded up considerably in the latter part of the game. Bottoms scored 3 goals, with Corman playing a very good game on defence. Flanagan was the pick of the Stratford team with two goals.

This team is going places, and we wouldn't be surprised to see them continue into W.O.S.S.A. playoffs. We wish continued success to Mr. Cordick and the team.



W.C.I. HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row: Mr. Cordick, M. McIver, R. Douglas, N. Pelton, P. Julian, W. Parkes, D. Corman, T. Bottoms, Mr. Hodgins.

Front Row: D. Thrower, M. Gasparatto, T. Walker, B. Dickson, D. Allin.

Woodstock Collegiate Cadet Corps 1945

On Sunday morning, May 6, 1945, the Cadets fell in on Hunter Street for their annual Church Parade. This year, the parade led to Chalmers Church via Dundas Street. It was a very nice day, even though a little chilly, and the parade and service were very impressive.

The following Wednesday, May 9, was the day for the inspection of the Corps. Many observers believed that it was the nicest day for the inspection in many years. The commanding officer, Dick Taylor, put the cadets through their manoeuvres very capably. Military guests attending the ceremony were Major Young of London, the district Cadet Inspector, Captain Harding, his assistant, Col. Crouch and Captain Harshman, M.C., from the local C.D. & M.S. school.

The salute was taken by Col. Crouch, who complimented the boys on their fine showing. Following congratulatory messages from Major Young and others, several cadet awards were made. Dr. McKay presented the Strathcona Medal to W. Harrington for having the highest score in rifle com-

petitions. Tom Martin received the A. W. Cole Prize for the cadet showing greatest improvement in shooting, presented by Col. Crouch. Col. Wallace presented the D.C.R.A. Medal to John Fox, the cadet with the highest score in D.C.R.A. competition. Captain Harshman presented the Interform Trophies for shooting. R. Wilkins received the Junior award, the Blair Cup for 10A, and Fred Mitchell received the Senior award, the Rifle Shield for 11B. Platoon No. 2 of the girls received the award for the best girls' platoon, donated by Col. Ubelacker, and platoon No. 3 received the award for the best boys' platoon, donated by Major Canfield. These prizes to the best platoons were presented by Major Canfield.

Major Young presented Ted Garton with the prize for the best private on parade. Richard Taylor was presented with a certificate of School of Instruction, and John Fox was given a certificate in Signalling, both these awards being made by Major Young.

Following the inspection, the cadet officers and N.C.O.'s were guests of the Board of Education at a banquet in the armouries. Following a very delicious meal, several toasts were given under the chairmanship of Toastmaster Major W. Thompson. The Nat-

ional Anthem was sung, following which Mr. Hodgins proposed a toast to the old brigade of former cadets, to which Lieut. W. Dutton replied. Capt. J. Murtha proposed a toast to the Board of Education, responded to by Lt. Col. H. N. Ubelacker. A toast to the Ox-

ford Rifles was proposed by Major J. Cronin, to which Major H. J. Canfield gave the response. In closing the very enjoyable banquet, Capt. E. A. Berry proposed a toast to the W.C.I. Cadet Corps, to which Lt. Col. R. Taylor replied.

CADET OFFICERS AND N.C.O.'s

Commanding Officer
Second in Command
Adjutant and Quartermaster
Regimental Sergt. Major

Lieut. Col. R. Taylor
Major W. Thompson
Captain J. Murtha
Sergt. Major T. Ballantyne

A Company

Officer in Command
Second in Command
C. S. M.
C. Q. S. M.

Major W. Thompson
Captain W. Houser
Sergt. Major W. Weekes
Staff Sergt. J. Pelletier

B Company

Officer in Command
Second in Command
C. S. M.
C. Q. S. M.

Major J. Cronin
Capt. J. Sorensen
Sergt. Major J. Bell
Staff Sergt R. House

Signal Corps

Officer in Command
Sergeant

Capt. W. Houser
Sergt. R. Wilkins

No. 1 Platoon

Officer in Command
Sergeant

Lieut. J. Fox
Sergt. G. Webster

No. 2 Platoon

Officer in Command
Sergeant

Lieut. J. Carnwath
Sergt. T. Walker

No. 3 Platoon

Officer in Command
Sergeant

Capt. J. Sorensen
Sergt. F. Mitchell

No. 4 Platoon

Officer in Command
Sergeant

Lieut. T. Morden
Sergt. R. Smith

Ambulance Corps

Lieut. R. Davis
Sergt. J. Birtch

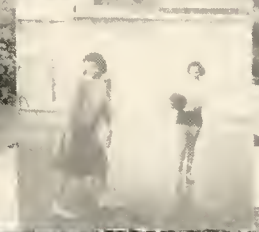
Band

Lieut. H. King
Sergt. A. Bond

Colour Party

Sergt. R. Scott
Corp. G. Else
Corp. C. Mueller

prs
Berry
Blair
Cordick
tton



Many students have left our school during the past year. We offer them sincere wishes for success in whatever occupation they may be employed.

THOSE ATTENDING OTHER SCHOOLS ARE:

University of Toronto—Margaret Dewan, Marion Ellis, Don Coles, Ken Scott.
Western University—Bill Rowe, Meryl Schooley.
Ontario Agriculture College—Ormiston Ellis.
Stratford Normal—Helen Smith, Ronald Weber, Hadden Gillespie.
London Normal—Georgina Geoghegan, Elgin Snyder.
Sarnia Collegiate—Fred Mitchell.
Stratford Collegiate—John Sorenson.
Moulton College—Dorothy Berlette.
Ridley College—John Sibbald.
Alma College—Barbara Towle.
Radio College, Toronto—Stanley Walker.
London Technical School—Edward Baker.

NURSES-IN-TRAINING:

Woodstock General—Joyce McDonald, Constance Clark.
St. Joseph's, London—Adrienne Moss, Jeannette Wadland.

MANY HAVE OBTAINED EMPLOYMENT:

Bank of Commerce—Phil Ball.
Imperial Bank—Bill Thompson, Mary Underhill, Bill Harrington.
Royal Bank—Helen Inglis, Shirley Griffin, Verna Minter.
Canada Permanent—June Harrington, Georgina Danos.
Canadian Department Stores—Rosella de Montmorency, Aileen Masters.
Huddleston and Barney—Betty Bryson, Carman Smith.
Calders Garage—Patricia Murdock, Bob Barney.
Petrik—Isabelle Dunlop, Dorothy Steele.
On Farms—Beverly Wilkes, Jack Pullen, Dick Taylor.

Merla Sproule	Karn's Drug Store	Shirley Reid	Oxford Hotel
Ronald Thornton	Poole's	Allin Perry	Buggs Grocery
Jean Hower	Dr. Stevens	Robert Sutherland	Elliott Brothers
Elizabeth Potter	Dr. Pow	Ted Taylor	Woodstock Lamp Co.
Bill Dutton	Milburn's Drug Store	Leota Boughner	Calder and Ball
George Tatham	"Observer", Sarnia	Jean Taylor	Broom Factory, Norwich
Bill Green	Brantford	James Nelson	Sentinel Review
Betty Berst	Woolworth's	Bill Atcheson	Truck Engineering
Connie Cullen	Canada Plywood Office	Kathleen Sumsion	Bickerton's Plumbing
Eleanor Lucy	Eureka Planter Office	Frank Howe	St. Catharines

OTHERS ARE AT HOME:

Eileen Shelby, John King, Ross Smith, La Verne Sim, Harry King, George Buchanan, Bob Dickson.
 Three students who were with us during the war years, have now returned to England. They are: Betty Joslin, Winnie Denham, Roy Davis.

EXCHANGE

There has been no "Oracle" the last three years because of wartime regulations. However, this year we are again publishing our magazine and would welcome an exchange with other schools. We are looking forward to receiving numerous publications and will give you a full report in the 1947 "Oracle."

E. Ferguson
AUTOGRAPHS

W. W. W. W.

K. C. Hilt

W. W. W. W.

W. W. W. W.

Hallie Robinson

Lois Hawley

Dad Bottoms

Bob Poole

Doreen Nash

Neilson's



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Miss Kellerman—What is an emperor?

Farley—I don't know.

Miss Kellerman—An emperor is a ruler.

Farley—Oh sure, I used to carry an emperor to school with me.

* * *

Rowe—Do you know anything about pigs?

Markle—My father raised a big hog once.

Rowe—You're telling me.

Pupil: "Can a person be punished for something he didn't do?"

Teacher: "Certainly not!" "Why?"

Pupil: "I haven't my homework done."

* * *

Mr. Cordick—How'd you get along in your exams?

Gaynor—I got a 100.

Mr. Cordick—In what did you get 100?

Gaynor—I got 50 in Math. and 50 in Spelling.

* * *

ODE TO ALGEBRA

Math is stuff that's not so tough,
If you're no fool and know your rules;
But if you're slow, you've had it, Joe;
Just ask the kid who's in the know.
If changing signs is not your line,
Then dropping brackets is a crime,
And if you don't get rid of fractions
You'll find yourself in lots of action.
The tests in math go plenty fast,
So leave the hard ones to the last;
And if you feel you've got a clue
Don't worry, brother; you'll get through.

Carl Mueller 12A

* * *

Jean Bradnam—Don't you ever shoo the flies here?

Betty Millard—No, we let them run around barefoot.

* * *

M. Schell — How's the farm coming along?
Heeney—I've been using a toothbrush on the cow's teeth and now she's giving dental cream.

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ONTARIO



Miss Cropp: "Now Jean, I want you to study the sentence, 'He was bent on seeing his old school,' and then express it in your own words."

Jean Cruikshank: (after some thought) "The sight of his old school doubled him up."

* * *

Donald—Will you take back the engagement ring I bought here yesterday?

Jeweler—Didn't it suit?

Donald—I don't know about the ring, but I didn't.

An inspector, while visiting W. C. I., decided to test a group of girls by writing LXXX on on the Blackboard. He then asked Jackie McInnis, "Young lady, can you tell me what that means?"

"Sure," came the prompt reply, "it means love and kisses."

* * *

Watchmaker—Did your watch stop when it dropped on the floor?

Dodd — Yes; did you think it would go through?

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Sound

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TELEPHONE 1057

"Hard work never killed anybody" said Mr. Lumsden.

"That's just the trouble dad," replied Bill, "I want to engage in something that has a spice of danger in it."

* * *

Tom Martin: I always respect grey hairs.

Ken Doig: Then how come you're so mean to your aged uncle?

Tom: Oh, Uncle Jim is bald.

* * *

Monte Town walked reluctantly into a hat store. "I just lost a bet," he said, "and I want to get a soft hat." The salesman selecting a hat from the shelf behind him, handed it to Monte with the remark, "This is the softest hat we have." Monte gazed at it speculatively, "What I want," he said wistfully, "is something a little more tender. I've got to eat it."

* * *

Madge Turner: "Did anyone ever tell you how wonderful you are?"

Jim Ennis: "Don't believe they ever did."

Madge: "Then where did you get the idea?"

Bill Bier: "Save me! Save me!"

Terry Morden: "What's the matter?"

Bill Bier: "I'm going to die!"

Terry Morden: "What makes you think so?"

Bill Bier: "My lifetime-guaranteed pen just broke."

* * *

1st student: Help! Help! Miss Stock has fainted.

2nd student: Why! What's the matter.

1st student: O'Bright's early.

2nd student: (Silence).

* * *

Ralph Gilbert—I was out with a nurse last night.

Joanne Callan—(consolingly) Don't feel too badly about it. Some day your mother will let you out without one.

* * *

Ken Marple: They tell me you like music.

Howard Clynick: Yes, but never mind, keep right on playing.

* * *

Strange that money should be called dough, dough sticks to the fingers.

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12B Would Be A Perfect Class If—

DOROTHY BRAGG—would say something.
ANNE AXELROD—ever got to school five days a week.

DOROTHY CURRIE—ever went through algebra class without a detention.

DIANA NESBITT—stopped shrieking in line.

JEANNE HUTCHISON—stopped shrieking in line.

MARGARET POSTE — ever stopped asking questions.

AGNES GERMAN—ever came without her homework done.

JEAN CRUICKSHANK—ever walked up the aisle without hitting a desk.

ELAINE SMITH—ever stopped chewing gum.

MARGARET TATHAM — stopped cracking corny jokes.

MARGUERITE HOLDSWORTH — ever stopped smiling at the teachers.

DOROTHY KOSTIS—ever came to school on a Friday afternoon.

BILL TAYLOR—ever stopped putting orange peelings in the girl's rubber boots.

PAT GRAHAM—ever got the kink out of his neck by putting his foot on the desk.

ROLAND MACAFFERY — ever went thru'

Chemistry Class without being complimented on his work by Mr. Kitching.

FERGUS CHAMBERS—ever stopped reading the Star Weekly.

BOB SCOTT—forgot to put his hair in curlers the night before.

GORD TILFORD—ever walked into the room without being noticed.

BEN AXELROD—ever stopped praying for snow so he could see the trees when he went skiing.

DON CORMAN—ever brought an English book.

MONTE SCHOOLEY }—ever got to school
CLENDON SCHOOLEY } on the same day.

KEN WINLAW—ever started to think.

KEN KING—ever stopped singing "Give Me A Girl In My Arms To-night."

MONTE TOWN — ever got to bed before twelve.

CHARLIE CHILDS—ever got in the room before the five minute bell.

JOHN BIRTCH—ever flirted with the girls.

MAC ROWE—ever came in at the same time as the rest when the bus comes in late.



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Lawrence P: Gimme a map of the province of Alberta.

Clerk: Sorry, but all we have are maps of British Columbia.

Lawrence: O.K. That's close enough.

* * *

Grace H: Did I tell you someone wanted to sue me for breach of promise?

Shirley Mac: No, Why?

Grace: I signalled I was going to turn the corner and then didn't.

Jack Olmstead: "What does the bride think about when she walks into the church?"

Teresa Jerger: "Aisle, alter, Hymn."

* * *

Terry Morden: "You look nice enough to eat."

Marian King: "All right, where shall we go?"

* * *

Pat Treleaven: "What's worse than raining cats and dogs?"

Gloria Elliot: "I don't know, unless it's hailing a taxi."

MOTORISTS

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PHONE 255

Breathes there a boy with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
As on his bed shone morning light,
"I hope the school burned down last night."

* * *

Mr. Kitching: (to Form 12B) "A pat on the back develops character, if administered young enough, often enough and low enough. There's more than one way to make kids smart, you know."

* * *

Mary Lovelace: "That bashful boyfriend of mine is a G-man.

Freda Piltman: A Government man?

Mary: No. All he can say is "Gee."

* * *

Miss McCorquodale: "Yes, we know that Eskimos very rarely weep."

Harold Potter: "True, but they do have their daily blubber."

* * *

Ruth Shelby: "My Dad is an Elk, a Lion, and a Moose!"

Marg. Henderson: "How much does it cost to see him?"

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Alva: Ever see a worse fog than this?

Marg. K: Yes, One.

Alva: Is that so? Where?

Marg: Why it was so foggy I couldn't tell where it was.

* * *

Whose funeral is that?

John Brown's.

You don't mean it?

What do you think he's doing — practising?

* * *

Shirlee Desomond: "I take a cold shower every morning."

Eva Jackson: "Why brag about it?"

Shirlee D.: "It's my only reason for taking it."

* * *

Traffic Cop: "Pull over there to the curb, Miss — didn't you see my hand?"

Joyce Wilks: "Oh, no, officer. I must have been looking at your pleasant, handsome face!"

* * *

Officer: "Hey pull over to the curb, lady. Did you know you were doing seventy-five?"

Lorna Steele: "Isn't it marvellous? And I only learned to drive yesterday."

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Irony: Giving father a bill-fold for Christmas.
* * *

Jim Richardson: "If Mr. Hodgins doesn't take
back what he said this morning I'll leave
school.

Jack Wood: "What did he say?"

Jim: "He told me to leave school."
* * *

Smith—I won't work for that man Poole any
more on account of a remark he made to me
today.

Friend—What was the remark?

Smith—He said: Smith, you're fired.

Don Harper: The garage men sent that
second-hand car you ordered and I tried it
out.

Colin Forbes: How many does it carry com-
fortably?

Don: None.
* * *

Miss Kellerman: This sentence, "My father
had money," is in the past tense. What
would you be using if you said, "My father
has money".

Pupil: Pretense!

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It Could Happen To You

Jim Ennis and Bob Smith in a regular discussion at one minute to nine in front of their lockers.

Jim—"Bob, I think I'll join the WAC'S".

Bob—"But Jim, the WAC's is for girls."

Jim—"So what, I'm for girls too."

* * *

11'CS 'PUNK"—)TUTATION)—:

Miss Bray says that we're not bright
Cause when. We write our, lessons?
Our punctuation's always wrong
We're never; sure! i'M guessin:
We, never know where commas, go
And semicolons; floor us
Quotation marks"they get" us but
We're just. dopes? ignore us,

* * *

Harold Graham: "Say Bev. can you let me have five — — —?"

Bev. Harrington: "No — — ."

Harold Graham: " — — minutes of your time?"

Bev. Harrington: " — — trouble at all, old scout."

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It is said in certain parts of Scotland the superstition still lingers that it is unlucky to be the thirteenth to light a cigarette from one match.

* * *

"Did you ever hear anything so beautiful?" exclaimed Anne Axelrod as she played a new swing record on the victrola.

"No," replied her father, "the nearest thing to it I ever heard was when a truck loaded with empty milk cans had a collision with another loaded with live hogs."

* * *

Isabelle Mac: I would like to have a globe of the earth.

Clerk: What size, Miss?

Isabelle: Life-size, of course.

* * *

Postscript — The only interesting thing in a woman's letter.

Praise—That which you receive when you are no longer here to hear it.

* * *

The reason there were fewer wrecks in the old horse-and-buggy days was because the driver didn't depend wholly on his own intelligence.

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Books You Should Read

"The Copper's Coming" by Bolton B. Sharp.

"Hot Dog Sandwich" by Juno Watts-Inet.

"A Chat About Woodstock Weather" by Raynard.

"Market Prices" by Watts Butterworth.

If there's anyone living that resembles me —
they are better off dead.

"Tell us a story, Papa," pleaded the trombone player's children; so he took them upon his knee and related the story of the three blares.

Pat Wilson and cousin Marg. after quitting school invested some money they had saved in a modern horror chamber.

"Quiet please and we shall listen in."

Pat—Are the irons hot?

Marg—As hot as I can get them.

Pat—Is the oil boiling?

Marg—At 287 degrees.

Pat—All right then fasten Miss Johnston to the chair.

Marg—She can't move.

Pat—Okay! Give her the \$3.00 permanent.

CONGRATULATIONS AND SINCERE GOOD WISHES
ON THE RETURN TO PUBLICATION OF THE "ORACLE"

Woodstock, 1946

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PHONE 159

Monte Town: "What is that strange device
used to see through tons of iron and steel
on ships and submarines?"

Monte Schooley: "Well, what is it?"

Monte Town: "A porthole."

* * *

Don Corman: "I have a new job."

Tubby Allen: "What are you doing?"

Don Corman: "Running around putting hand-
kerchiefs under weeping willows."

* * *

Emily Egan: "Say, do you know who is in
the hospital?"

S. Chadam: "No, who?"

Emily Egan: "Sick people."

* * *

Barber: A brilliant conversationalist who
occasionally shaves and cuts hair.

* * *

Some day a magazine editor is going to
achieve lasting fame by publishing stories
as interesting as the advertisements.

* * *

Monologue: A conversation between a sales-
man and a prospect.

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PHONE 900

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Lumsden: "What were you doing after the accident?"

Gardiner: "Scraping up an old acquaintance."

* * *

Mr. Berry: "If you found that a triangle had two positions, what would you do?"

Mueller: "Drink some black coffee."

* * *

Miss Cropp: "Define optimism."

Karn: "Telling hair-raising stories to a bald-headed man."

Bill Zeldon was telling Ted Bottoms, who helped him get a date with Betty Reisberry what it was like.

Bill—I walked her up to the door and just then her father opened it and he had a shotgun. Being unarmed I turned and ran for the closest tree and sprinted for its lowest branch which was 25 feet from the ground.

Ted—Did you make it?

Bill—I missed it going up, but caught it coming down.

PHONE 170

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Woodstock, Ontario

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Merle Greer: "You say your sister makes up jokes? She must be a humorist."

Ruth Guthrie: "Well, in a way she is — she works in a beauty parlor."
* * *

Mr. Ferguson: "Every man in this Collegiate could get a job with the city if he wanted to."

Gord Lambert: "Isn't that a rather sweeping statement?"
* * *

Agnes German: What would you call a tailor if you didn't know his name?

Dot Bragg: Mr. So and so!

Doctor: (after bringing a patient back to consciousness). "How did you happen to take that poison? Didn't you read the sign on the bottle which said "Poison"?"

Ken Winlaw: "Yes, but I didn't believe it."

Doctor: "Why not?"

Ken Winlaw: "Because right underneath it was a sign that said "Lye".
* * *

Judge: I'll just fine you for speeding to-day, but next time, it'll be jail!

John Birtch: Oh, I get it. Fine to-day, cooler to-morrow.

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WOODSTOCK, ONTARIO

Definitions:

Girl: Always one of three things, hungry, thirsty, or both.

Money: The mint makes it first, and it's up to us to make it last.

* * *

Dave Ritchie—What's the date today?

Gord Tilford — Look at the newspaper in your pocket.

Dave—No use, it's yesterday's paper.

* * *

Roland McCaffrey—My dog took first prize at the cat show.

Ben Axelrod—How's that?

Roland—He took the cat.

* * *

Birthday: Observed by men and children only.

* * *

Ruth Matheson—Do you believe that dark-haired men marry younger?

Don Hart—No, it's the light headed ones who do it first.

* * *

Admiration: Our polite recognition of another's resemblance to ourselves.

KING'S

CANDY

SODA



Woodstock—Two Stores—Ingersoll

PARKER PENS AND PENCILS

WATERMAN PENS AND PENCILS



SCHOOL WATCHES THAT ARE GUARANTEED DEPENDABLE

Tom M: Why do you call your dog Baseball?
Tom B: Because he catches flies, chases fowls and runs for home when he sees the catcher coming.

* * *

Jim M: What's that lump on the front of your car?

Jack M: Oh, the radiator just had a boil.

* * *

"What was Lumsden arrested for at Ingersoll?" asked Bob.

"Dad lent him the car to use for an hour," replied Bill's older brother.

"Well?" asked Bob.

"He tried to do an hour's drive in fifteen minutes," said the brother.

* * *

Dentist: My boy, you've got to part with six molars. That bridge goes and you need four fillings and a new plate.

Clendon: Doctor, you sure said a mouthful.

* * *

Dentist: Pardon me, but before beginning this work I must have my drill.

Marg. Poste: Good gracious doctor! Can't you even pull a tooth without a rehearsal?

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Mr. Johnson: "If Napoleon were alive today, what would he be doing?"

Kelly: "Drawing an old age pension."

* * *

Mr. Lawr: "If you had five dollars in one pocket and three dollars in the other pocket, what would you have?"

Pat Graham: "Somebody else's pants".

* * *

Mueller: "Ill-health always attacks one's weakest spot".

Else: "You do have a lot of headaches, don't you?"

* * *

Mr. Branch: "You hammer nails like lightning".

Ede: "You mean I'm a fast worker"?

Mr. Branch: "No, you never strike in the same place twice".

* * *

Mr. Lawr: "If you cut off both your ears what couldn't you do?"

Mather: "I couldn't see."

Mr. Lawr: "Why?"

Mather: "My hat's too big."

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Tel. 408

12 GRAHAM ST.

Cop: "There ain't no red lights on your car, lady."

Marg. Rundle: "Why should there be, stupid. They don't match the color scheme of this car."

* * *

Anne Kays: "Why do Scotsmen have a sense of humor?"

Marian Porter: "Because it's a gift."

* * *

Butcher: And what can I do for you, ma'am?

Elderly Customer: I'd like to try some of that track meat I heard about on the radio.

* * *

Bob Scott: I say Pat, your girl looked quite beautiful in that Biblical gown she was wearing last night.

Pat Graham: What do you mean, "Biblical gown?"

Bob Scott: Oh, you know. Sort of Lo and Behold.

* * *

Dorothy Kostis: "I'm a little stiff from 'volleyball'."

Margaret Tatham: "I don't care where you come from."

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MEN'S FURNISHINGS

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and
HARDWARE STORES

Manufactured by

THE
CROWN LUMBER
COAL & SUPPLY CO., LTD.
Woodstock, Ontario

Verna Witty: "I just found out why Marian Bond calls Gordon Campbell "Pilgrim."

Ruth Budd: "Why?"

Verna Witty: "Because everytime he comes around he makes progress."

* * *

Miss Dent: "Can anyone tell me what it is that is affected by the moon?"

Doris Kitching: "The tide and the untied."

* * *

Mr. Hodgins (to Harold Cameron) "Tell me, why is it you are always late for school?"

Harold Cameron: "It's because of that sign, sir."

Mr. Hodgins: "What sign?"

Harold Cameron: "The one on Riddell Street. It says "School—Slow Down."

* * *

French Declension Irregular Verb "to laugh"

je smile
tu giggles
il laugh
nous roarons
vous splittez
ils bustent

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Mr. Berry (giving class pep talk after exams)
"Some minds should be cultivated, others
should be ploughed under."

* * *

Henry—Which would you rather give up—
wine or women?

Herman—That depends on the vintage.

* * *

Miss Balls: You're not one of those people
who puts his books away and runs as soon
as the buzzer goes are you?

Monte Town: Not me! Why, I often have to
wait five minutes after I get my books ready
before the buzzer goes.

* * *

Mistaken sense of economy: Taking corners
on two wheels to save tires.

* * *

"Do you remember, it was in a storm like this
that you first declared your love for me?"

"Yes, it was a terrible night."

* * *

Mr Hodgins: "You should have been here at
nine o'clock."

Catherine Flood: "Why, what happened?"

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* * *

Definition: Noise is the racket made by the whole family while you are talking on the phone.

* * *

Definitions: Helicopter: an egg beater with ambition.

Etiquette: is learning to yawn with your mouth closed.

A Hick Town: is one where there is no place to go where you shouldn't be.

* * *

Miss Cropp: "If you want to remember Robert Burns just picture a policeman in flames. See—Bobby Burns?"

Gasparotto: "Yes, I see, but how should I know it isn't Robert Browning?"

* * *

Mr. Kitching: "You will generally find things in pairs. For instance, worms where there is earth. What would you find with fish?"
McDonald: "Chips Sir".

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Jim Keith (on stage playing Shakespeare)
"A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!"
Bob Loveys (in balcony) "Ha ha!"
Jim Keith: "Ah, make haste and saddle yonder braying ass!"

* * *

Fergus Chambers: "I get forty-five miles to the gallon."

Stranger: "Gosh! What kind of gas do you use?"

Fergus: "Don't use any kind of gas. I just give my old horse a gallon of water and he's good for forty-five miles!"

* * *

Greenly: "I want to buy a derby."

Polite Clerk: "What size, please?"

Greenly: "Oh, it doesn't make any difference, it's for my trombone."

* * *

Verna: The animal doctor had to sew up Rover after the fight with the police dog.

Donna: Is he all right now?

Verna: Sure! A stitch in time saved a canine.

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Marg. Wilson: "What kind of a car has Don?
Pat. Wilson: "A pray-as-ever-you-enter."

* * *

Five secrets of happiness: Money, money,
money, money and money.

* * *

Miss McCorquodale: "What was the Tower
of Babel?

Jim Mundy: "Probably the place where Solo-
mon kept his 800 wives.

* * *

Marguerite Holdsworth: "Lucy, don't you
speak to him any more?"

Lucy Jackson: "No! Whenever I pass him I
give him the geological survey."

Catherine: "What do you mean?"

Lucy: "Just what is commonly known as the
stony stare."

* * *

Woman: A person who can hurry through a
drugstore aisle 18 inches wide without brush-
ing against the piled up tinware, and then
drive home and knock the doors off a 12
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"What's queer?"

"Why the night falls--"

"Yes."

"But it doesn't break."

"No."

"And the day breaks--"

"Yes."

"But it never falls."

* * *

Carl Parker: "Would it be improper for me to kiss your hand?"

Doreen Nash: "It would be decidedly out of place."

* * *

Miss McCorquodale: "Now why is it we can never discover where pins go?"

Mona Hamilton: "Because they are pointed one way and headed another."

* * *

Up To Date Latin Paradigm

Boyibus kissibus sweetie gírlorum
Gírlibus likeibus wantie someorum
Kissibus loudibus wakie Dadorum
Dadibus kickibus outie backdorum.

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A Diet List

The rivers eat away their banks,
The tides devour the sand,
The morning sun drinks up the mist,
The ocean eats the land;
Taxes eat up poverty,
And pride eats out the soul,—
But moths the diet record hold,
Because they eat a hole!

* * *

A Business Matter

The optician was instructing Ede in the technique of getting a fair and honest price out of the customer. He advised Ede after the glasses had been fitted, the customer would ask the charge.

"You tell him ten dollars, then pause and watch for the flinch."

"If the customer does not flinch, you say, 'That's for the frames. The lenses will be another ten dollars.'"

"Then you pause again — and again you watch for the flinch. If he doesn't flinch, you say, 'Each'."

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Elgin: Mrs. Chairman.

* * *

Mr. Hilt: The work of 9D is far too dull. Kindly sharpen your pencils.

* * *

Dancing is a wonderful training for girls; it's the first way they learn to guess what a man is going to do before he does it.

* * *

Mr. Hodgins: Why are you so late, Betty?

Betty Gordon: I fell downstairs.

Mr. Hodgins: Well, that shouldn't have taken you long.

* * *

Know thyself is a great idea — as long as you don't go around telling everybody.

* * *

Homework—the way ambitious youngsters get ahead of the other kind.

* * *

The fellow who used to pay \$12 for a suit of clothes can add \$3 to that amount these days and get himself a sport shirt.

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Bus Driver: "Fare, please".

W.C.I. Student (after a hard day): "faire, fais-
ant, fait, je fais, je fis.

* * *

Mrs. Kitching: "Good gracious Carl, where's
the car?"

Mr. Kitching: (A little weak after struggling
with 13A). "By Jove, I remember giving some-
one a lift, and when I got here, I got out and
thanked him for his kindness."

* * *

Mrs. Keith: "Jim, stop using such dreadful
language."

Jim: "But Mother, Shakespeare uses it."

Mrs. Keith: "Then don't play with him, he's
no fit companion for you."

* * *

Whatever trouble Adam had
No man in days of yore
Could say when he had told a joke
"I heard that one before."

* * *

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Algebra was the Wife of Euclid.

* * *

"I'm a fast woman!" shouted Lorraine Kerr, as she tried to rise from a glue smeared bench in the Art Room.

* * *

Mr. Hodgins (to a First Former who was sent to the office) "Have you ever been up before me?"

First Former: "I don't know. What time do you get up?"

* * *

Traffic Cop (hailing a speeding car) "Here, here young lady, what's your name?"

Grace Harwood: "Oh, mine's Grace, what's yours?"

* * *

Solomon's 999th Wife: "Sol dear, are you really and truly in love with me?"

Solomon: "My dear, you are one in a thousand."

And she snuggled closer.

P-11

* * *

Mr. Cordick (walking into a noisy room) "Order, order!"

John Coles: "One chocolate malted, please!"

Green

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* * *

In another hundred years civilization will have reached all peoples except those who have no resources worth stealing.

* * *

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* * *

The student nowadays accumulates the horse-hide, the pigskin, the coonskin, and last but not least, the sheepskin. But the most remarkable thing is that it is all taken out of his father's hide.

* * *

We like a man who comes right out and says what he thinks ——— when he agrees with us.

* * *

The Girl—Must you drive with one hand?
Bob R.—Sure. The car won't steer itself.



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Miss Cropp: "How are you on punctuation?"
Fergus Chambers: "Oh, I'm always on time in the morning."

* * *

Ken King: "I like a girl who is able to think."
Marg. Tatham: "Yes, opposites always attract."

* * *

Always remember, no matter how bad prose may be, it might have been verse.

* * *

We are told that a youth's moustache pioneered the idea of the instalment plan—a little down, and then so much a week.

* * *

Marg. Brown: "I love to go sleighing."
Jim Mighton: "My, but you're blood-thirsty!"

* * *

The law says girls are minors until they're 21; but a lot of them are gold-diggers all of their lives.

* * *

A Collegian is a boy who spends half his time trying to make his lighter work and the other half trying to make his work lighter.

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Geese is a low heavy bird which is most meat and feathers. Geese can't sing much on account of the dampness of the water. He ain't got no between-his-toes and he's got a little balloon in his stummick to keep him from sinking. Some geese when they are big has curls on their tails and is called ganders. Ganders don't have to sit and hatch, but just eat and loaf around and go swimming. If I was a goose I'd rather be a gander.

* * *

Mr. Hodgins (to Biology Class) "I'm going to dismiss you ten minutes earlier to-day. Please leave quietly so as not to wake the other classes."

* * *

Trigonometry is when a lady marries three men at the same time.

* * *

Bob Douglas: "So you think love is a photographic plate. Why?"

Lib King: "Because it takes a dark room to develop it."

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* * *

Ted Garten—The new manager of the Royal Theatre.
* * *

John Brown—Has the reputation of being the greatest swooner on the North American continent. John owes his success to his sob-sisters in 10X.
* * *

Ruth Smith — Sells home-grown cabbage heads on the market square.
* * *

Anita Isbister—On a recent tour through Africa, Anita ran across Jocko (a monkey) and they decided to team up. Anita grinds the organ while Jocko interests the public.
* * *

Clare Collens—Spends most of his time in the pool room telling the younger generation of his army experiences during the second World War.
* * *

Bob Douglas—Still bragging about the goal he got for the WOSSA hockey team.
* * *

Donna Tervit—The glamour girl of C. Special in 1945-46 is now a Powers' model.
* * *

Bob House—Mayor of the city of Woodstock.
* * *

Grace Harwood—Grace's father traded in the Chev for a helicopter and now Grace is flying to school.
* * *

Jim Kostis—Soda Jerker.
* * *

Gerry Easton—Joined the foreign legion.
* * *

Marie Dunn—Won the Nobel Prize for outstanding work in the field of science.
* * *

Mac King: Aren't those eggs ready yet? I've been waiting for my breakfast for almost half an hour. I'll be late for school!

New Majd: I'm sorry; sir. They've been boiling for a long time now, but they're still not soft.

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